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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

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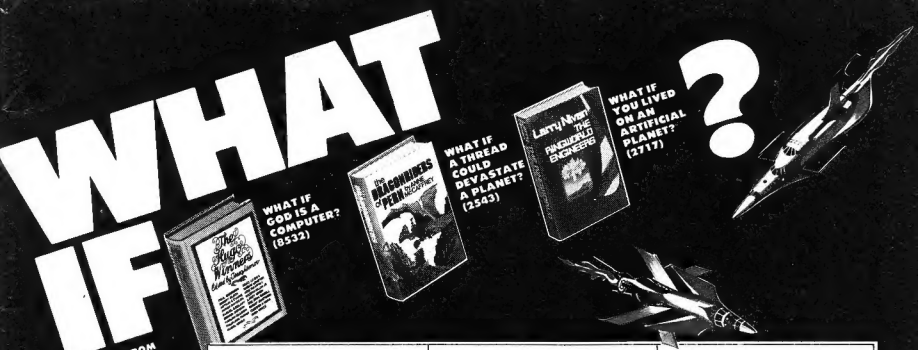
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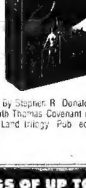

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ART AND THE NAZIS

Arthur Kampf, *Venus and Adonis*

BRAD BALFOUR

We're hot into the eighties now. Ronald Reagan—the actor playing president—is thoroughly into the act; neoconservative revisionism is the ism *of the hour, if not of the decade. The postliterate culture is in force, with the networks fighting the cable lines and both fighting the introduction of total superscience video systems. And if they really get down the science of TV waves, video addiction will clearly be the drug of the eighties. Meanwhile,* Heavy Metal *is entering its fifth year of publication, and as we've all been taught by every hip philosopher since Buddha, everything's connected. So, when I saw a review in a recent* Newsweek *of a new show in Paris's Pompidou Center for Art and Culture entitled "Realism between Revolution and Reaction: 1919–1939," I started thinking again about the conjunction of art and politics. Enough science fiction and fantasy art is in itself a rejection of the modernist, abstractionist aesthetic; I associated its upsurge with that of the neorealists. I saw the question re-forming as well when I reviewed the book* Art in the Third Reich *for* Metal Hurlant. *The Paris exhibit features certain Nazi painters discussed in the book. Some of their work, or at least the technique used, reminded me of certain sf art. Fascism appeals during economically troubled times and moments of personal trauma. When there is widespread desire for transcendental order that overcomes normal uncertainties, I see conditions amenable to the fascist mentality. And I saw conditions favorable to fascism in some of these new painters' aesthetics. However strong this trend may be, it's forever a major issue to consider.*

—B.B.

In some perverse sense, the Nazi takeover of Germany in 1933 seemed like a sick science-fiction writer's twisted tale come to life. Adolf Hitler's brittle vision of humanity united under the flowing Aryan banner, striding toward a genetically pure technological utopia of the future, was born of an obsession as extreme as the methods he used to gain power. By thoroughly subverting democracy's elective process, and backed up by fists, truncheons, and guns, Hitler wrested control of Germany. Although anyone actually exposed to the youthful Hitler's sexually crippled mind should have been aghast at his assumption of power, post–World War I Germany was itself beset with psychological miasma and confusion. Within this atmosphere Hitler was able to consolidate a single strong-willed political machine from a disparate set of right-wing extremist groups, anti-Semitic unions, and nationalistic, semimystical Aryan associations then emerging in Germany. Fantastically, through a total-media propaganda campaign previously unheard-of, as well as with his own army, Hitler set about transforming the world according to his bizarre visions.

Ceremony, myth, and spectacle (not unlike the "pompous circumstance" of Reagan's Hollywood-style inauguration) infused National Socialism with much more than just political impact; its essence was politics as spirituality. Hitler, as world visionary, a racial savior controlling a then state-of-the-art technology truly capable of altering the planetary future, propelled the Nazi cause. No wonder Norman Spinrad's neglected psychological novel *The Iron Dream* makes such perfect sense: in it, he imagines the science-fiction novel Hitler would have written had he come to the U.S. in the twenties instead of pursuing his political vision. Of its 383 pages,

352 ("Lords of the Swastika") tell Hitler's antimutant, futuristic, sword-and-sorcery tale; the rest is an analysis and biography of "author" Hitler, who left Germany after his failed putsch of 1923. Spinrad's Hitler makes enough of an impact in a U.S.A. isolated by the *Greater* Soviet Union that the swastika becomes a pop-culture symbol. Couched within this novel of Hitler's rabid obsession is a critique of traditional science fiction and its fans.

And rightly so, for such mediocre science fiction reads like Hitler's bald-faced, one-dimensional prophecy of a perfectly united, pure humanity—a culture that employs its grand science to step into the future; an organic community brilliantly conquering the stars. The actual history of Nazi Germany's ascent reads like a *Heavy Metal* story come true. Since blood, violence, and death played a substantial part in the Nazi revolution and ritual, *HM*'s imagery comes superficially to mind; *HM*'s depictions of mythological grandeur ask to be connected with the notions of Nazism. But what were the images and aesthetics actually sanctioned by the Nazis? The determination of whether they would have tolerated a magazine like *Heavy Metal* in their midst demands a closer look at Nazi art.

psychiatrist Wilhelm Reich, in the classic *Mass Psychology of Fascism*, and contemporary critics like Susan Sontag, in *Under the Sign of Saturn*, also recognize that the Nazi reality was enmeshed in a person's very sexual core.

The sanctioned art included images of peasants, workers, and soldiers—the "common man"—tending their jobs pacifically. It glorified the female nude, usually in mythological scenes rendered professionally yet undramatically. Except for the obviously Nazi portrait or historical tableau, the images weren't laden with Nazi symbols. The arousal of revolutionary passion outside the official context was verboten. The images were cleansed of ambivalence and were never left "unfinished." The Nazis eliminated the "degenerate" painting style of modernism and replaced it with old-fashioned realism or bombastic neo-Grecian monumentalism.

They brought tawdry simulations of high art to the masses and cynically manipulated it as the ideal art. In doing so, Hitler seemed to raise man from the realm of the small to a grand Valhalla. In fact, he reduced everything to a narrow range of sanctioned possibilities. Irrationally, the power of Hitler's stated "objective" vision caused an entire society to capitulate, in everything from sex to politics.

Julius Paul Junghanns, *Spring Evening*

Norman Spinrad's neglected psychological novel *The Iron Dream* makes such perfect sense in it, he imagines the science-fiction novel Hitler would have written had he come to the U.S. in the twenties instead of pursuing his political vision.

The present-day S&M mystique of Nazi images, with its blood-and-thunder glorification of the swastika, does not incorporate the full reality of Nazi aesthetics. As historian George L. Mosse writes in *International Fascism*, "The key to fascism is not only the revolt but also its taming." As the individual becomes subsumed within the Nazi community—so the fascist theorists felt—the mass-man (the prototypical Aryan) would rise and become completed through identification with leader and party. Alienation is resolved and perfection of society becomes possible through the working of the people and the state together—a theory that clearly eliminates the possibility of debate, shades of gray, and human foibles. This rationale allowed the Nazi mentality to approve the destruction of anything not of transcendent perfection. This psychology allows no action or reaction unless officially "okayed"; anything else would be suppressed, sublimated, or somehow redirected. And art in the Third Reich served as well to sedate and repress. Essentially, the aesthetics of Nazi Germany were the aesthetics of sexual suppression (except in a very narrow, puerile range), of banal and dreary stylelessness and lack of humor.

In their worship of the perfect mass-man, the Nazis excluded not only the individual but also any subjective, variant ambiguity. When art historian Berthold Hinz published *Art in the Third Reich*, his analysis of the long-suppressed Nazi-sanctioned art, he clearly indicated how the Nazis manipulated the arts in their political machinations. But even more than as Hinz wrote, Hitler understood the fundamental relationship between his politics, aesthetics, and even sexuality. "Art is the only enduring investment in human labor," Hitler said. And Propaganda Minister Goebbels added, "Politics is the highest and most comprehensive art there is." These men recognized the totality of the Nazi vision. Analysts like radical

The arts too were compromised by the Nazi atomization of the individual will to the egotistical end of being a member of the elite race. The fascist impulse contains this sort of irrationality, which it tried passing off as "biologic mysticism," in Wilhelm Reich's phrase. Alongside such "biologic mysticism" must be seen our conventional contemporary space imagery, showing gleaming phalluses entering a glorious universe loaded with adventure for modern man.

Although *Heavy Metal* itself contains images that glorify certain fascist values, art like this as a whole is clearly antifascist. Fascist aesthetics include (to paraphrase Susan Sontag) situations of control and servitude, pageantry, glamorization of death, and a taste for the grandiose. These values taken separately may not necessarily suggest fascism, but when combined in the "right" configuration may lead to a Nazi-style political system. The Nazis could never have condoned Caza's ridicule or Claveloux's black humor. Moebius's irony and Kierkegaard's camp could never make it in a Nazi Germany. Even at their most sexually brutal, the images are too lavish, too unrestrained to be of use to the fascist. Fascism is a radical reassessment of society, no mere conservative backlash. Individualism and self-reliance, often rendered in sf or the work of such artists as Matena and Voss, are totally unacceptable to the fascist mind. The real neo-Nazi work is the banal, the colorless, and the boring. In examples from McDonald's architecture to Norman Rockwell's scenarios, passion is subdued by the ordinary. Only when the interplay of violence with submission results in control is the Nazi happy. When banality subdues passion, then the irrational can co-opt. That's a lesson Hitler taught, and it's a lesson that must still be learned.

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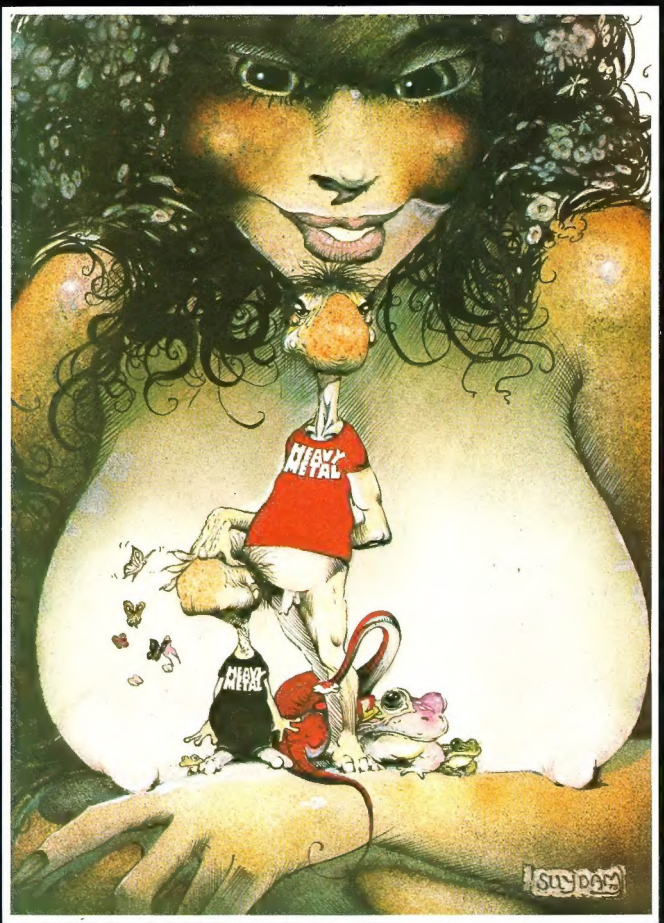

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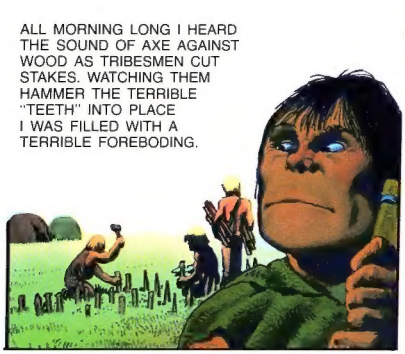
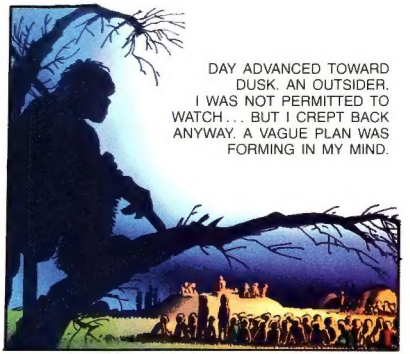
ROBERT E. HOWARD'S

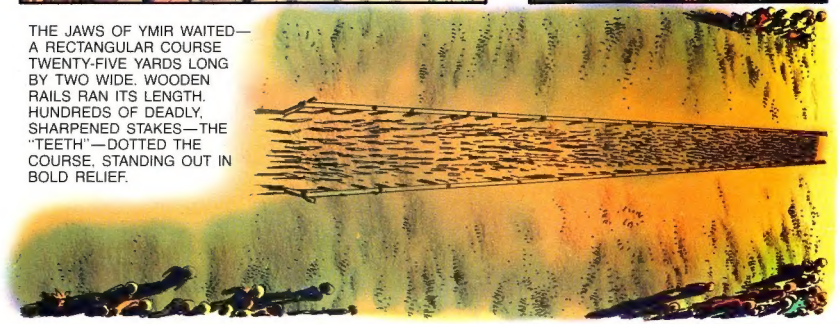
BLOODSTAR

BY RICHARD CORBEN, JOHN JAKES, AND JOHN POCSIK

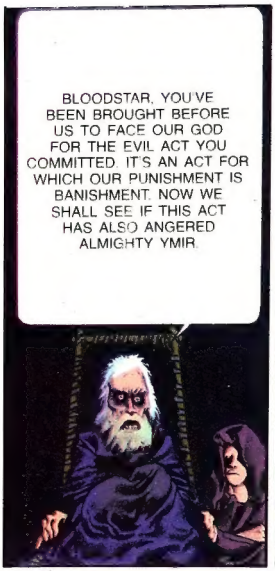
As tradition will have it, Helva is to wed Loknar, the new Aesir war chief. But when she is found in the arms of Bloodstar, things take a turn for the worse.

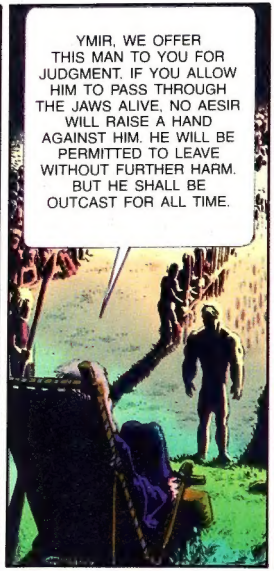

ALL MORNING LONG I HEARD THE SOUND OF AXE AGAINST WOOD AS TRIBESMEN CUT STAKES. WATCHING THEM HAMMER THE TERRIBLE "TEETH" INTO PLACE I WAS FILLED WITH A TERRIBLE FOREBODING.


DAY ADVANCED TOWARD DUSK. AN OUTSIDER, I WAS NOT PERMITTED TO WATCH... BUT I CREPT BACK ANYWAY. A VAGUE PLAN WAS FORMING IN MY MIND.


THE JAWS OF YMIR WAITED— A RECTANGULAR COURSE TWENTY-FIVE YARDS LONG BY TWO WIDE. WOODEN RAILS RAN ITS LENGTH. HUNDREDS OF DEADLY, SHARPENED STAKES—THE "TEETH"—DOTTED THE COURSE, STANDING OUT IN BOLD RELIEF.

THERE WAS NO EXPRESSION UPON BLOODSTAR'S FACE AS HE STUDIED THE COURSE. I WONDERED IF HE WAS AFRAID. I REMEMBERED HOW HE HAD ONCE TOLD ME, "MOST BATTLES ARE WON OR LOST IN THE MINDS AND HEARTS BEFORE THE FIRST BLOW IS EVEN STRUCK." AS I WATCHED, FIFTY AESIR MEN AND WOMEN LINED THEMSELVES ALONG THE RAILS, ALL WITH LONG STAVES AND CLUBS. AND AT THE END OF THE COURSE, OUTLINED AGAINST THE BLOODY GLARE OF THE SINKING SUN, STOOD HIS FORMER FRIEND LOKNAR—TO GREET HIM WITH THE FINAL BLOW.


BLOODSTAR, YOU'VE BEEN BROUGHT BEFORE US TO FACE OUR GOD FOR THE EVIL ACT YOU COMMITTED. IT'S AN ACT FOR WHICH OUR PUNISHMENT IS BANISHMENT. NOW WE SHALL SEE IF THIS ACT HAS ALSO ANGERED ALMIGHTY YMIR.


YMIR, WE OFFER THIS MAN TO YOU FOR JUDGMENT. IF YOU ALLOW HIM TO PASS THROUGH THE JAWS ALIVE, NO AESIR WILL RAISE A HAND AGAINST HIM. HE WILL BE PERMITTED TO LEAVE WITHOUT FURTHER HARM. BUT HE SHALL BE OUTCAST FOR ALL TIME.

THE TESTERS WILL USE ONLY STICKS— NO BLADES OR SPEARS! HE IS NOT TO BE STRUCK ON THE LEGS. LET THE ORDEAL BEGIN!
YMIR GUIDE YOUR STEPS, BLOODSTAR.

BLOODSTAR TOOK A DEEP BREATH—AS DID I—AND SPRANG INTO THE JAWS OF YMIR WITH A DEFIANT SHOUT.

SUDDENLY, THE ENTIRE TRIBE BEGAN YELLING TAUNTS AT THE PRISONER. BLOODSTAR IGNORED THEM, TURNING TO SMILE AND WAVE AT HELVA.

HER CHEEKS WERE WET WITH TEARS.

IT WAS INCREDIBLE. BLOODSTAR DANCED BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE SPIKES, HIS BARE FEET NARROWLY MISSING THE TEETH. HE DUCKED AND WHEELED AND RAISED HIS ARMS TO FEND OFF OR DEFLECT THE BLOWS. THE STAVES HISSED THROUGH THE AIR. THE SOUND OF THEIR IMPACT AGAINST HIS FLESH WAS FRIGHTFUL TO HEAR. A MADNESS SEEMED TO POSSESS BLOODSTAR'S FORMER TRIBESMEN. I COULD HEAR THEIR SNARLS AND CURSES OF HATRED. SCREAMS FOR HIS BLOOD. SHOUTS FOR HIS DEATH!

I GASPED—AND ALMOST FELL OFF MY PERCH

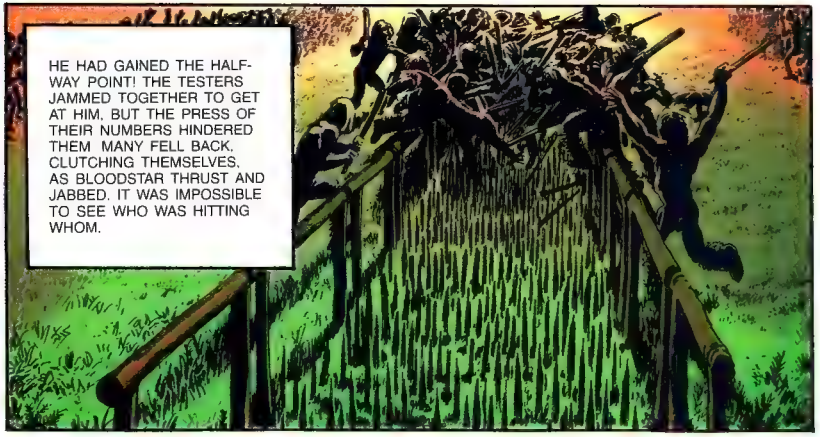
THE ASSAILANT WHO HAD TRIPPED BLOODSTAR SWUNG AT HIM AGAIN —

— UNLUCKILY FOR HIM!

NOW I COULD SEE HIM FIGHTING BACK, PUSHING CLUBS ASIDE AND STRIKING HIS ATTACKERS BEFORE THEY STRUCK HIM.

A CLUB WAS THRUST INTO BLOODSTAR'S HANDS—PLACED THERE PERHAPS BY SOME COMRADE WHOSE LIFE HE HAD ONCE SAVED

HE HAD GAINED THE HALF-WAY POINT! THE TESTERS JAMMED TOGETHER TO GET AT HIM. BUT THE PRESS OF THEIR NUMBERS HINDERED THEM. MANY FELL BACK, CLUTCHING THEMSELVES, AS BLOODSTAR THRUST AND JABBED. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE WHO WAS HITTING WHOM.



NO ONE WHO HAD UNDERGONE THIS ORDEAL HAD EVER GOTTEN THAT FAR. A MASS OF WOUNDS, BLOODSTAR NOW LURCHED PAST AS WE ALL WATCHED. HE MIGHT WIN AFTER ALL! I HEARD THE SCREAMS FOR HIS BLOOD FADE.

BUT THEN I SAW LOKNAR AT THE END OF THE GAUNTLET. BLOODSTAR'S ENEMY WOULD NOT LET HIM PASS.

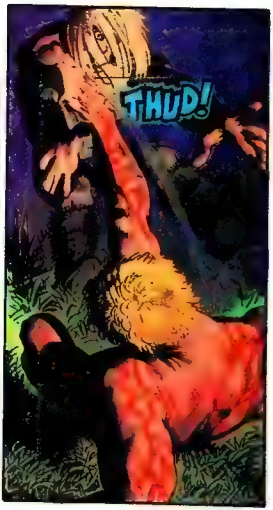
WITH SCANT YARDS TO GO, THE CROWD BEGAN TO CHEER BLOODSTAR WILDLY.

JUST THEN A BLOW FROM BEHIND SENT HIM REELING TOWARD LOKNAR.

BLOODSTAR'S IRON HEEL SMASHED INTO HIS CHEST—

MY HEART WAS IN MY MOUTH AS I WATCHED HIM LAND IN A PANTING HEAP. THE TRIBE CHEERED ITS LUSTY APPROVAL.

BUT LOKNAR WOULD NOT GIVE UP!



I ROARED OUT MY JUBILATION. LOKNAR TRIPPED OVER THE VERY SPEAR HE HAD MEANT TO SLAY BLOODSTAR WITH...

ONTO THE IMPALING SPIKES!

HIS CRY OF AGONY SPLIT THE DUSK, SILENCING THE BLOODTHIRSTY PACK

THOSE CHILLING CRIES ECHOED ACROSS THE CAMPSITE AS HE FLED INTO THE DARKNESS.

BLOODSTAR CROUCHED IN PAIN, WAITING. BUT HE HAD WON! HE LIVED! YMIR HAD HIM!

THERE WAS MOVEMENT BEHIND OLD BYRDAG. SOME OF LOKNAR'S FRIENDS STEPPED FORWARD, DRAWING THEIR WEAPONS.

BYRDAG'S VOICE WAS SHRILL WITH ANGER. THE WARRIORS LET THEIR SPEAR POINTS DROP.

TOUCH HIM NOT, YOU COWARDLY SCUM! TWICE THE AESIR HAVE BEEN DEFILED BY BLOODSTAR AND LOKNAR WOULD YOU ANGER OUR GOD A THIRD TIME? THROW YOUR WEAPONS DOWN BEFORE YMIR DESTROYS US ALL!

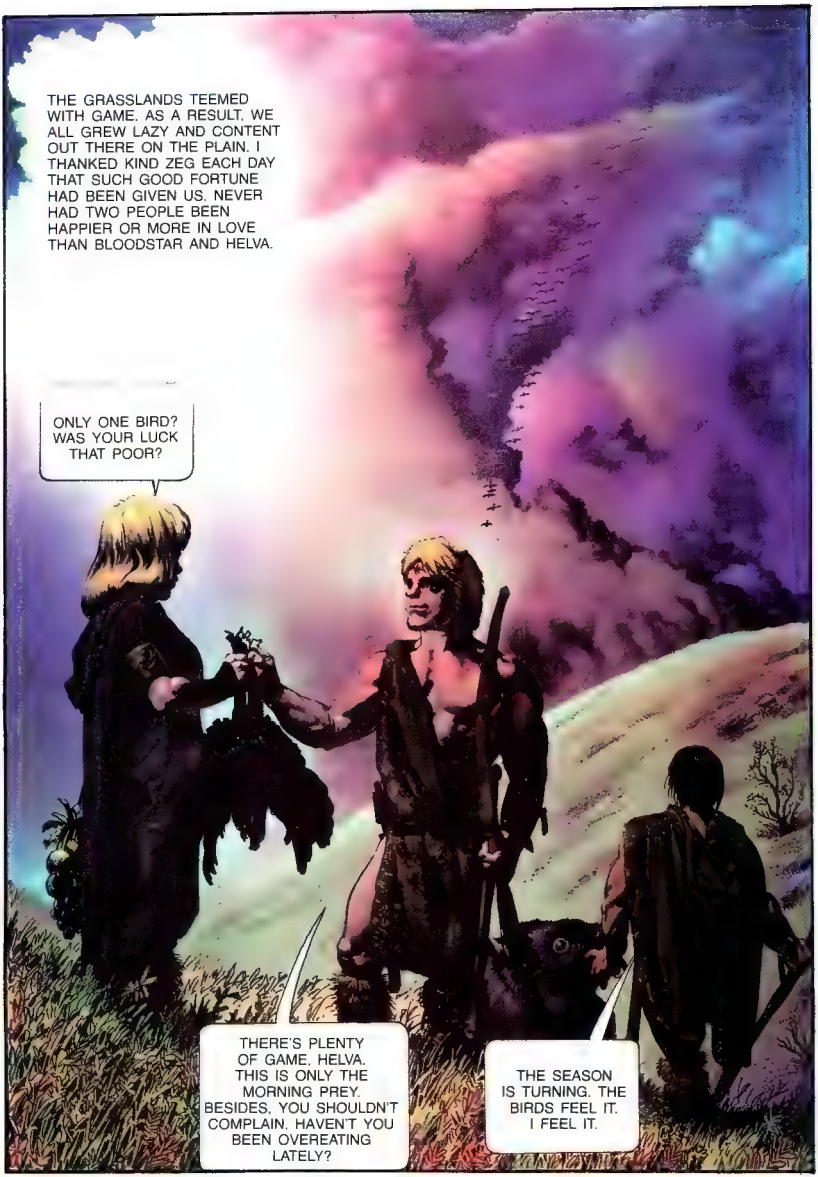
BLOODSTAR! GREAT YMIR HAS GRANTED YOUR LIFE BE SPARED. BUT YOU MUST LEAVE US FOREVER—ON PAIN OF INSTANT DEATH SHOULD YOU EVER RETURN.

HIS BODY ON FIRE, BLOODSTAR SCARCELY HEEDED THE OLD MAN'S PRONOUNCEMENT OF DOOM. HE COULD NOT FIND HELVA ANYWHERE! HIS EYES SEARCHED THE TENTS. SHE WAS GONE! HIS HEART BROKE.

BLOODSTAR STAGGERED THROUGH THE NIGHT, HIS BRUISED, BATTERED BODY ACHED FROM THE BLOWS IT HAD SUFFERED. HE LIMPED ALONG, FEELING BLOOD FLOWING FROM HIS MANY, OPEN WOUNDS.

AND WITHIN HIM HE MUST HAVE FELT AN EVEN INTENSER AGONY. TEARS BEGAN TRICKLING DOWN HIS CHEEKS, MIXING WITH THE BLOOD.

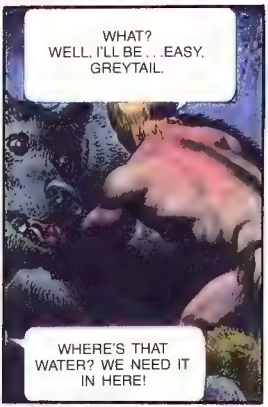
SUDDENLY HE PAUSED AS HE SENSED ME WATCHING HIM FROM BENEATH THE TOSSING BRANCHES. I THOUGHT FOR ONCE I HAD HIM SCORED. BUT—
HA, HA, HA! CARE FOR SOME COMPANY ON YOUR JOURNEY?
BY YMIR! GROM!
YES, I NEED A FRIEND THIS NIGHT! BUT YOU KNOW THEY'RE GOING TO COME HOWLING AFTER US WHEN THEY FIND THAT WOLF MOUNT GONE!
HO! THEY'LL FIND MORE THAN THAT MISSING!
BLOODSTAR! IT'S ME!
I SAW GROM MOVE OFF IN THE CONFUSION OF THE FIGHT AND FOLLOWED HIM. I MADE HIM TAKE ME WITH HIM! I KNEW YOU WOULD WIN!
OH, MY HELVA! AT LAST!
AND SO WE THREE BEGAN THE LONG AND LONELY ROAD INTO EXILE. OUR JUBILANT LAUGHTER ROSE TO GREET THE FIRST STARS. WE WERE HEADING INTO THE UNKNOWN. BUT WE WERE NO LONGER ALONE. AND NOW WE HAD - HOPE!


THE GRASSLANDS TEEMED WITH GAME. AS A RESULT, WE ALL GREW LAZY AND CONTENT OUT THERE ON THE PLAIN. I THANKED KIND ZEG EACH DAY THAT SUCH GOOD FORTUNE HAD BEEN GIVEN US. NEVER HAD TWO PEOPLE BEEN HAPPIER OR MORE IN LOVE THAN BLOODSTAR AND HELVA.
ONLY ONE BIRD? WAS YOUR LUCK THAT POOR?
THERE'S PLENTY OF GAME, HELVA. THIS IS ONLY THE MORNING PREY. BESIDES, YOU SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN. HAVEN'T YOU BEEN OVEREATING LATELY?
THE SEASON IS TURNING. THE BIRDS FEEL IT. I FEEL IT.

SOON HEAVY RAINS WILL COME, GOOD THING—UH! "OVEREATING"?
BLOODSTAR, I DON'T THINK HELVA'S DIET IS THE REASON FOR HER INCREASE IN GIRTH. IN FACT, I SUSPECT IT WILL INCREASE YET FURTHER.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, GROM? I. . . HELVA! IS IT TRUE? ARE YOU REALLY. . .? YMIR! HADN'T YOU BETTER LIE DOWN?
AS I PREDICTED, THE FRUIT WITHIN HELVA'S LOINS GREW AND RIPENED. BLOODSTAR REBUILT THE SHELTER, MAKING IT LARGER TO ACCOMMODATE THE NEW MEMBER OF OUR TRIBE.
NO, GO AHEAD. I WANT TO FINISH THE ENCLOSURE WHILE THERE'S STILL LIGHT ARE THE SKINS READY?
HELVA CAME DUE ONE STORMY NIGHT WHILE RAIN THUNDERED ON OUR ROOF AND LIGHTNING LASHED THE DARKNESS. BLOODSTAR BECAME AS NERVOUS AND ANXIOUS AS AN OLD WOMAN
GODS! WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT AESIR! THE CHILD IS DOOMED!
SHUT UP AND STOP WORRYING. I'VE ATTENDED BIRTHS BEFORE. FETCH SOME WATER —
—AND SEE WHAT'S TROUBLING GREYTAIL. DAMN BEAST IS HOWLING . . .

STOP THAT WHINING OUT HERE! YOU CAN'T BE HUNGRY AGAIN!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, GIRL? ARE YOU SICK?


WHAT? WELL, I'LL BE... EASY, GREYTAIL.
WHERE'S THAT WATER? WE NEED IT IN HERE!

HERE. I'VE GOT TO HELP THE WOLF MUTE. SHE'S BIRTHING A CUB!
OH? ALL RIGHT. WE DON'T NEED YOU IN HERE WITH US ANYWAY

HELVA! GROM! TAKE A LOOK AT GREYTAIL'S PUP!

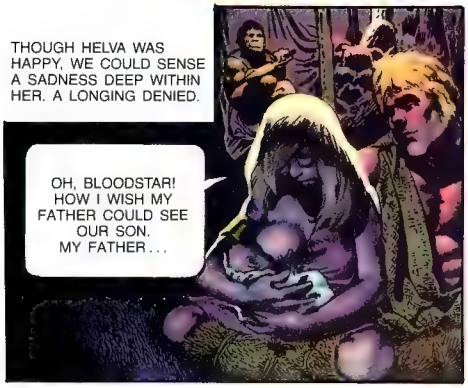
HERE, DADDY. I'LL TRADE YOU THAT FOR THIS.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE LOOK OF WONDER AND HAPPINESS ON YOUR FATHER'S FACE WHEN HE TOOK YOU IN HIS ARMS FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME. TEARS GLISTENED IN HIS EYES AS HE SAW THE MARK UPON YOUR FOREHEAD. HE SPOKE YOUR NAME—AND HIS—SOFTLY.

BLOODSTAR.

THOSE WERE HAPPY DAYS FOR US THERE IN OUR REFUGE. HUNTING WAS NOT AS GOOD DURING WET WEATHER, BUT FISHING WAS BETTER. AND WE ALL FOUND TIME TO SPOIL THE BABY.

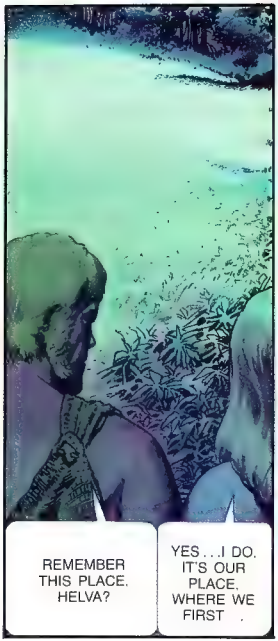
THOUGH HELVA WAS HAPPY, WE COULD SENSE A SADNESS DEEP WITHIN HER. A LONGING DENIED.



IT CAME AS NO SURPRISE TO ME WHEN THEY ANNOUNCED THEIR PLANS.
WE'RE GOING BACK AS SOON AS THE RAIN TIME ENDS. IT MAY BE DANGEROUS, GROM. WILL YOU—
FOOLISH TO ASK! I'LL NOT ABANDON MY NEW FAMILY.
THE DAMP MONTHS PASSED. ONCE AGAIN THE AIR BECAME WARM. IDYLLIC DAYS FLOWED BY LIKE WATER THROUGH OUR FINGERS. BUT APPREHENSION GNAWED AT ME ALL THE TIME.
HA, HA, HA!
I COULD SEE THAT BLOODSTAR TOO WAS APPARENTLY STRUGGLING WITH SOME INNER CONFLICT. HE CONTINUED TO PUT OFF THE RETURN JOURNEY. HELVA SENSED IT TOO.
WELL, ARE WE GOING OR NOT? YOU SAID—
I'M SORRY, HELVA. TOMORROW WE START OUT.
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, BLOODSTAR. I KNOW THEY BANISHED YOU, BUT...THEY'VE PROBABLY FORGIVEN AND FORGOTTEN US BY NOW.
WHAT DID WE DO WRONG, EXCEPT HOLD EACH OTHER, THAT WE SHOULD HAVE TO BE FORGIVEN?
I'M SORRY, I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO LEAVE HERE BUT I WANT TO SEE MY FATHER SO MUCH.
I KNOW, MY LOVE. IT'S JUST THAT I FEEL—
PERHAPS WE COULD STOP ONE OF YOUR FORMER FRIENDS OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE AND FIND OUT WHAT THE MOOD THERE IS.
WELL DONE, GROM! WE'LL DO JUST THAT!

SUN BLAZED DOWN UPON US. WARM BREEZES FANNED OUR FACES. WE TRAVELED ALONE AND UNDISTURBED. IT LOOKED AS IF WE MIGHT CONTINUE THAT WAY FOREVER.

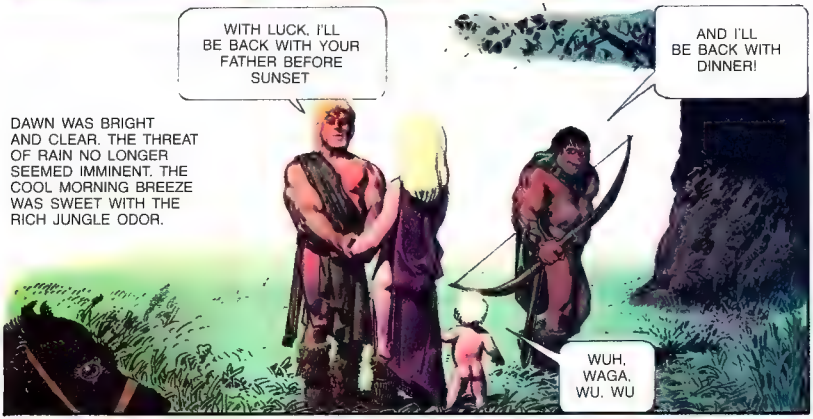
I LOVED TO WATCH YOUR FATHER'S FACE AS HE PLAYED WITH YOU. YOU GREW FAST IN THAT MILD CLIME.
HA, HA, HA! WHAT A LITTLE STRUTTER! WE SHOULD NAME HIM BLOODSTAR THE WANDERER


DARK THUNDERHEADS WERE BOILING ON THE WORLD'S RIM WHEN WE CAME TO A SPOT A DAY'S MARCH FROM THE AESIR VILLAGE.
REMEMBER THIS PLACE, HELVA?
YES . . . I DO. IT'S OUR PLACE, WHERE WE FIRST .

WHOA THERE, GREYTAIL! STEADY! THAT WAS JUST A LIGHTNING FLASH LET'S BE QUIET FOR THE LOVERS

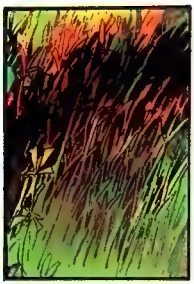
SO WE PASSED THE NIGHT THERE WHERE BLOODSTAR AND HELVA FIRST EMBRACED. THEY FELL UNDER ITS SPELL ONCE AGAIN.

DAWN WAS BRIGHT AND CLEAR. THE THREAT OF RAIN NO LONGER SEEMED IMMINENT. THE COOL MORNING BREEZE WAS SWEET WITH THE RICH JUNGLE ODOR.



WE LEFT THEM, LITTLE KNOWING. HAPPY WITH THE THOUGHT SHE'D SOON BE SEEING HER FATHER, HELVA LOUNGED BY THE FALLS WHILE HER SON PLAYED. THE WATER'S SOOTHING ROAR AND HER OWN REVERIE CLOUDED HER NORMALLY ALERT NATURE.

NEARBY A TWISTED, MISSHAPEN SHADOW GLIDED ACROSS THE GRASS.



GREYTAIL LIFTED HER HEAD. HER NOSTRILS FLARED AS SHE RECOGNIZED A FAMILIAR SCENT.

BUT THERE WAS ALSO SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT IT. AN AURA WHICH CAUSED THE ANIMAL TO BARE ITS TEETH AND GROWL MENACINGLY.

FEATHERED DEATH SILENCED THE BEAST.

TO BE CONTINUED . . .

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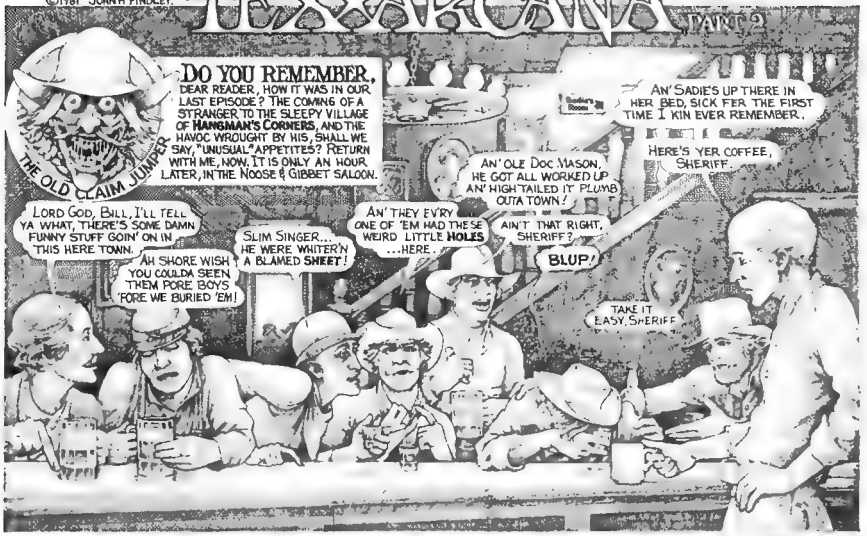
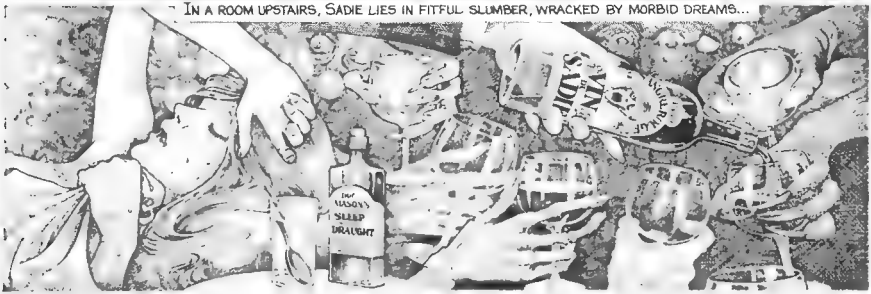
TEX★ARCANA

PART 2

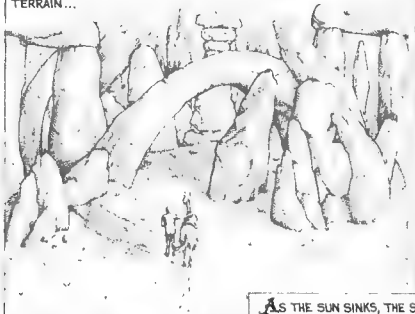

THE OLD CLAIM JUMPER
DO YOU REMEMBER, DEAR READER, HOW IT WAS IN OUR LAST EPISODE? THE COMING OF A STRANGER TO THE SLEEPY VILLAGE OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS, AND THE HAVOC WROUGHT BY HIS, SHALL WE SAY, "UNUSUAL" APPETITES? RETURN WITH ME, NOW. IT IS ONLY AN HOUR LATER, IN THE NOOSE & GIBBET SALOON.
AN' SADIE'S UP THERE IN HER BED, SICK FER THE FIRST TIME I KIN EVER REMEMBER.
HERE'S YER COFFEE, SHERIFF.
AN' OLE DOC MASON, HE GOT ALL WORKED UP AN' HIGH TAILED IT PLUMB OUTA TOWN!
LORD GOD, BILL, I'LL TELL YA WHAT, THERE'S SOME DAMN FUNNY STUFF GOIN' ON IN THIS HERE TOWN.
AH SHORE WISH YOU COULDA SEEN THEM PORE BOYS 'FORE WE BURIED 'EM!
SLIM SINGER... HE WERE WHITER'N A BLAMED SHEET!
AN' THEY EVRY ONE OF 'EM HAD THESE WEIRD LITTLE HOLES ...HERE...
AIN'T THAT RIGHT, SHERIFF?
BLUP!
TAKE IT EASY, SHERIFF



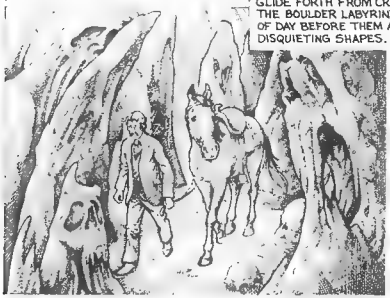
CLOSE BY, IN THE SAME CAVERN, **THE STRANGER** SLEEPS.

AND, MANY MILES AWAY...

WITH THE APPROACH OF DUSK, DOC COMES TO AN EERIE, TORTURED TERRAIN...



AS THE SUN SINKS, THE SHADOWS THAT HAD LAIN HIDDEN GLIDE FORTH FROM CRACKS AND CRANNIES, SLOWLY CLIMBING THE BOULDER LABYRINTH, PUSHING THE TATTERED REMNANTS OF DAY BEFORE THEM AND TAKING ON SUBTLY SHIFTING AND DISQUIETING SHAPES.

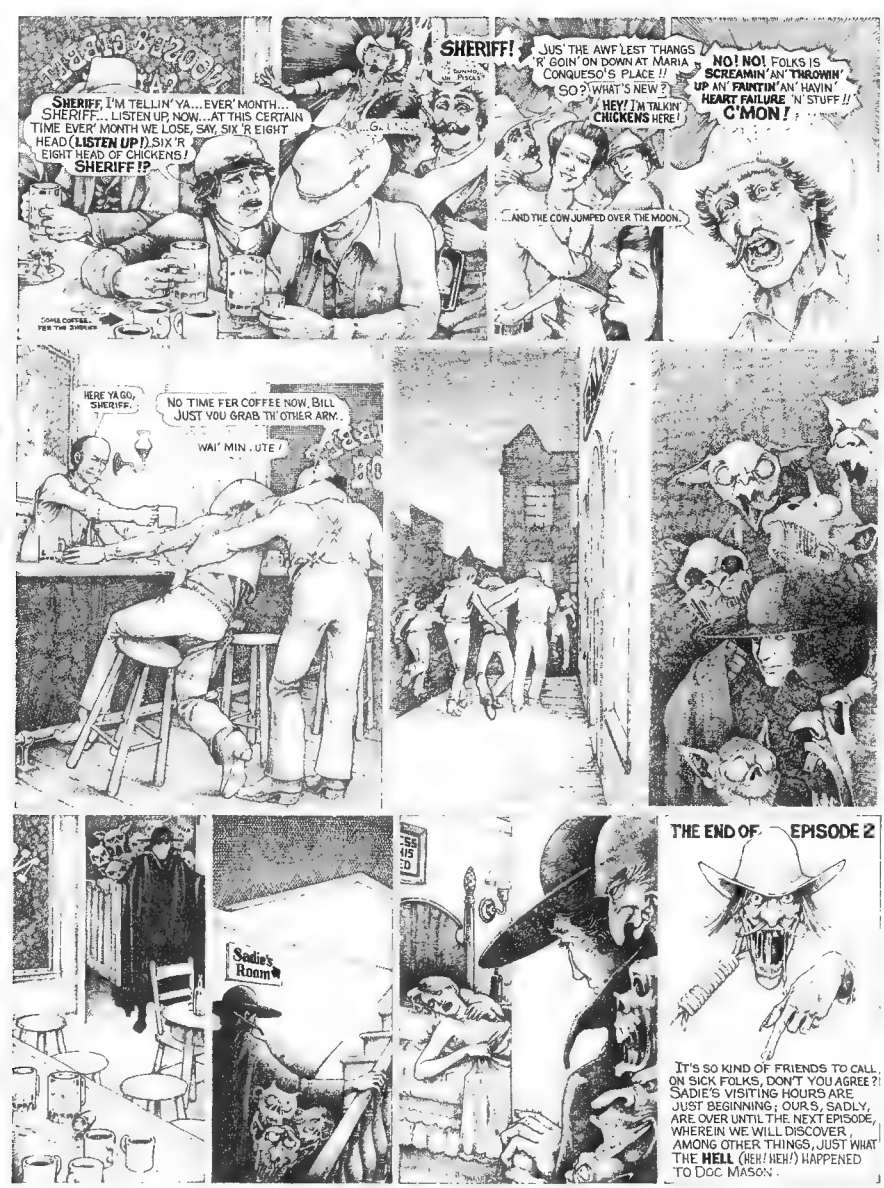


AND IT'S STARTING TO GET **SCARY!**

THEN, EVER SO SOFTLY, SOMETHING-*WHISPERS.*

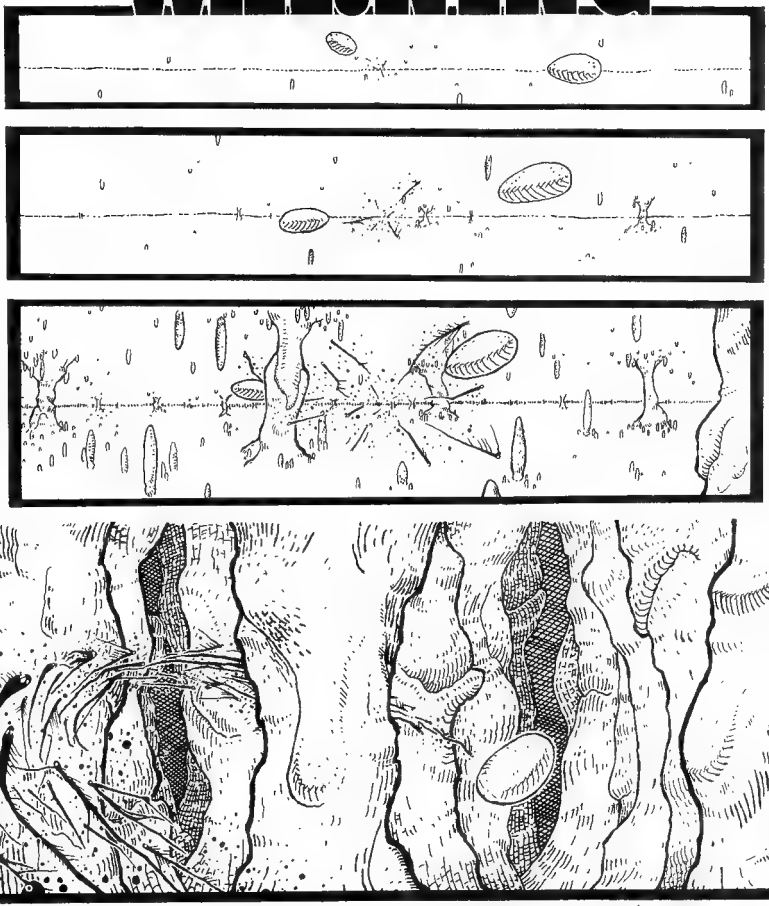
BACK IN HANGMAN'S CORNERS, NIGHTFALL MEANS BUSINESS-AS-USUAL AT MARIA & CONQUESO'S PLACE.
I'M TELLIN' YA! ALL OF 'EM...WHITER'N SHEETS!
GEEV ME A BRECK.
I COULD MAKE TONIGHT MAGIC FER YA.
WALE, HERE'S TO OL' CHICO. WEREN'T NO-THING WRONG WEETH HEEM DAT A BATH AN'A HUNNERD DOLLARS WOULDNA FEEXED.
SI! TO CHICO!
WHAT'S YER SIGN?
SCHWITZIGERIDIOTISCHER SCHWEINBAUCH @*!% BASTARD!
UNGHK!!
WHY...LOOKA THERE! AIN'T THAT CHICO?
IT LOOKS LIKE CHICO, BUT...?
WHY, CH-CHICO! WE THOUGHT YOU WUZ DEAD!
BELLY UP, CHICO! POUR HIM A MEAN ONE, GERHARDT!
JAWOHL
HEY! CHICO! YOU DOAN LOOK YOU'SELF!
WHAT SA MATTA, CHICO? DONTCHA WANTCHER DRINK?
CHICO?! DAID?
NOAT ME! HEH HEH HEH! JUS' THIRSTY!
CHICO! EET EES YOU!
POUR HEEM A DREENK ON DE HOUSE, GERHARDT!

GOD HELP US! THAT MAN IS DEAD, I SAW HIM DIE!
YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
EEEEEEEK!!
CHOMP


SHERIFF!
SHERIFF, I'M TELLIN' YA....EVER' MONTH... SHERIFF... LISTEN UP, NOW...AT THIS CERTAIN TIME EVER' MONTH WE LOSE, SAY, SIX 'R EIGHT HEAD (LISTEN UP!) SIX 'R EIGHT HEAD OF CHICKENS!
SHERIFF!?
COME COFFEE... FER THE SHERIFF
JUS' THE AWF'LEST THANGS 'R GOIN' ON DOWN AT MARIA CONQUESO'S PLACE!!
SO? WHAT'S NEW?
HEY! I'M TALKIN' CHICKENS HERE!
NO! NO! FOLKS IS SCREAMIN' AN' THROWIN' UP AN' FAINTIN' AN' HAVIN' HEART FAILURE 'N' STUFF!!
C'MON!
...AND THE COW JUMPED OVER THE MOON.
HERE YA GO, SHERIFF.
NO TIME FER COFFEE NOW, BILL JUST YOU GRAB TH' OTHER ARM.
WAI' MIN..UTE!
Sadie's Room
THE END OF EPISODE 2
IT'S SO KIND OF FRIENDS TO CALL ON SICK FOLKS, DON'T YOU AGREE?! SADIE'S VISITING HOURS ARE JUST BEGINNING; OURS, SADLY, ARE OVER UNTIL THE NEXT EPISODE, WHEREIN WE WILL DISCOVER, AMONG OTHER THINGS, JUST WHAT THE HELL (HEH! HEH!) HAPPENED TO DOC MASON.

Matt Howarth

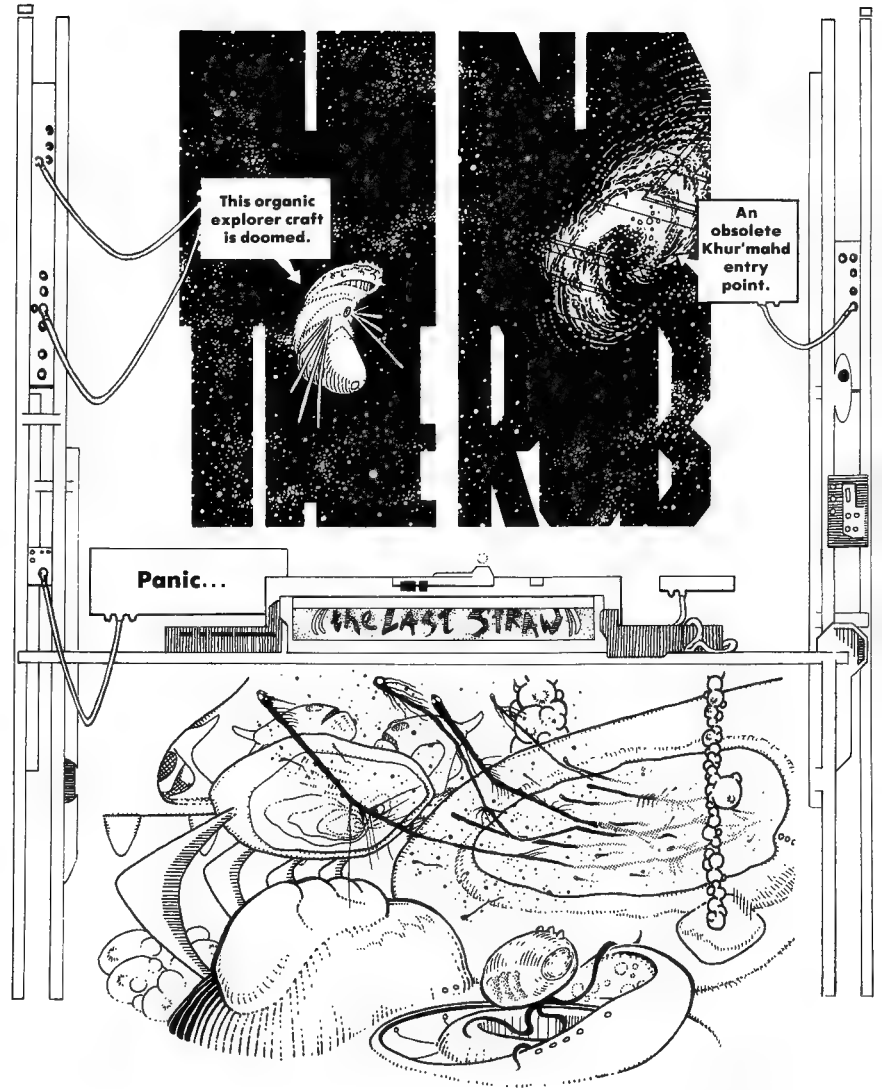
STORM WARNING



STORM WARNING · D.M. KISTER / HOWARTH

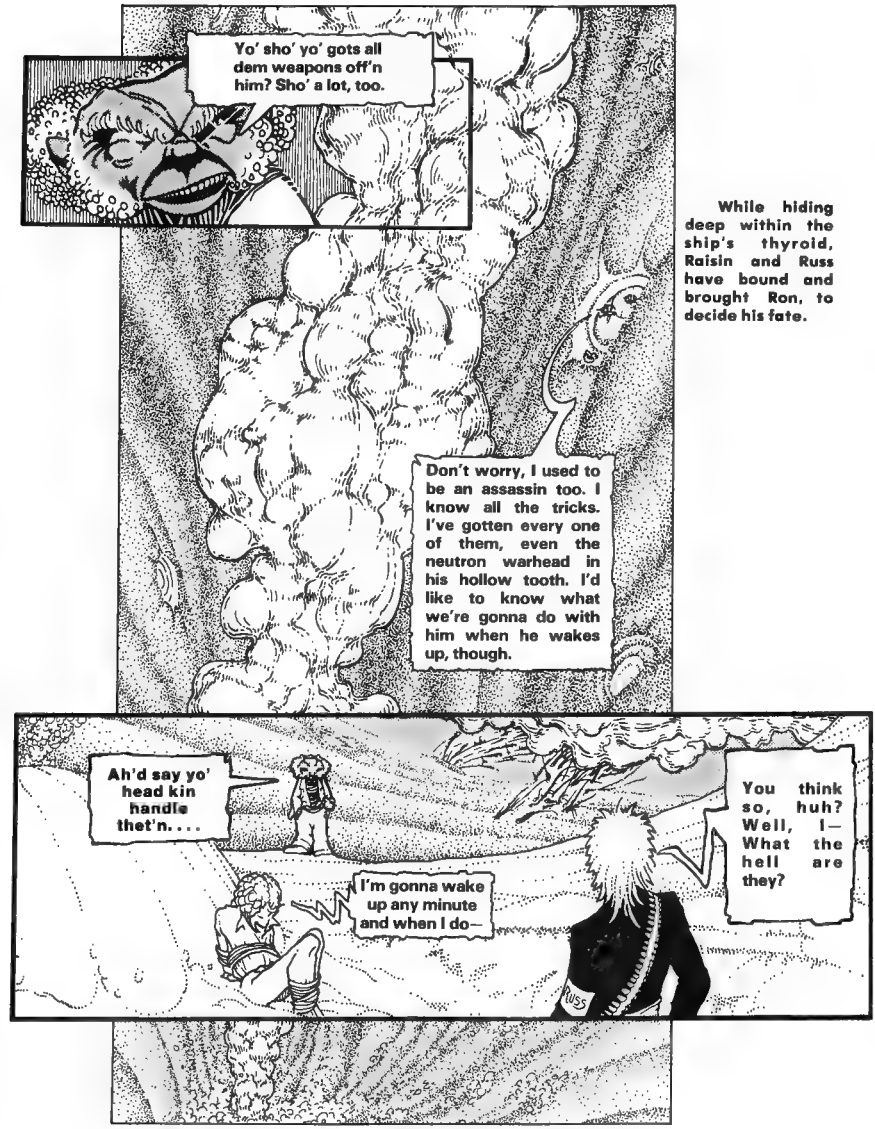
*—"Dearest self, the register's sensed *utmost* danger and *limitless* doom for our organic explorer vessel, in just another . I've never observed so *fantastic* a despair reading before!"*

NEXT: The effect of abject terror in a foreign environment at night



. . . followed by the need to die.

THE RUB (THE LAST STRAW) • HOWARTH/ D.M. KISTER


Yo' sho' yo' gots all dem weapons off'n him? Sho' a lot, too.
Don't worry, I used to be an assassin too. I know all the tricks. I've gotten every one of them, even the neutron warhead in his hollow tooth. I'd like to know what we're gonna do with him when he wakes up, though.
Ah'd say yo' head kin handle thet'n....
I'm gonna wake up any minute and when I do—
You think so, huh? Well, I— What the hell are they?
RUSS

While hiding deep within the ship's thyroid, Raisin and Russ have bound and brought Ron, to decide his fate.

Ev'n wit' yo' new head, these suckers'd get yo'. Boche knew thet, anyone 'ud know it. They only a mutant han'ful whut kin stand up to par'sites like these.

Whut kinda scum 'd make a pact wit' them, after whut we don' talk 'bout, me 'n him. . . . Ah's had it! No mo', no mo' fer me—Ah's puttin' an end to all this!

Wow!

NEXT: terminal rendezvous

The HEAVY METAL Interview:
JULIO RIBERA

When I met Julio Ribera, I didn't know what to expect. It's not because he's a "mystery man"; actually, he's unassuming and forthcoming. But a gulf separates the two of us—one of language, background, taste, even professional methodology. Ribera is steeped in a classicist tradition of comics clearly influenced by American strips and visual sensibility. Along with Christian Godard, his partner and scriptwriter, he restricts himself to a central narrative in the organization of panels and character action. Though Godard's concerns are contemporary issues, the images are conceived with a sense of tradition. And Ribera's work never overshadows the characters or story, in clear distinction to, say, that of Druillet. No wonder, because Ribera's entire professional history has been one of the classic comics artist. From doing hackwork on forgettable daily strips and magazine spots, to working with both his own capable scripts and those of a clever writer like Godard, Ribera works within standard professional confines. Only a Metal Hurlant *would have allowed Voss or Moebius to range freely across a conceptual landscape broad enough for their talents; by contrast, Ribera willingly restrains himself but still produces work that jogs the consciousness. Ribera thrives within the confines that nurture him—the massive publishing house of Dargaud. Like the jazz musicians he admires, Ribera uses the classic structures to extrapolate and in turn visually parody, just as Godard parodies with his words. Although this has made Ribera's career less publicly dynamic than that of Druillet and elicited less than the reams of comment made on Moebius, Ribera presents a consistently engaging, subtly humorous imagery. Although his personal manner is modest, it often suggests more than meets the eye. That's the way it is with Ribera, both in person and in print.*

—B.B.

BB: Why have you chosen comic art as your means of livelihood?

RIBERA: I draw comics because I liked drawing comics as a child, and it's the thing in this world that interests me the most. I don't desire to do anything else, because I've always liked it. It's not a choice; it's like breathing.

BB: What are your oldest memories regarding comics?

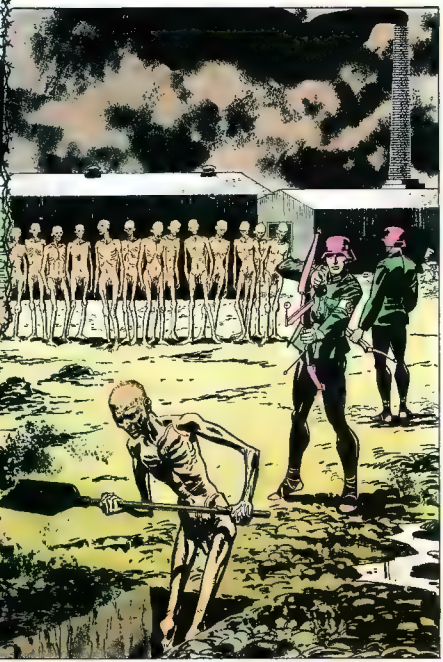
RIBERA: Ah, I have especially fond images of *Tarzan* by Hal Foster, E. C. Segar's Popeye, Alex Raymond's *Jungle Jim*, Milton Caniff's *Terry and the Pirates*, and Mickey

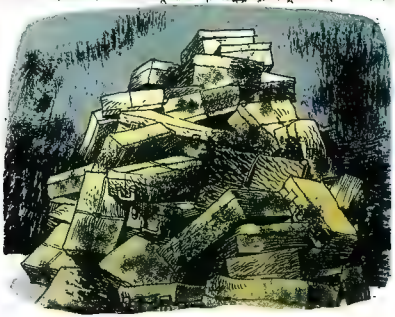
continued on page 46

Illustration by Amy Seissler

What Is Reality, Papa?

As the further adventures of Axle and Musky go on no further, the two find themselves at the gates of a concentration camp (in Hollywood??), while continuing their search for the lovely Chimeer



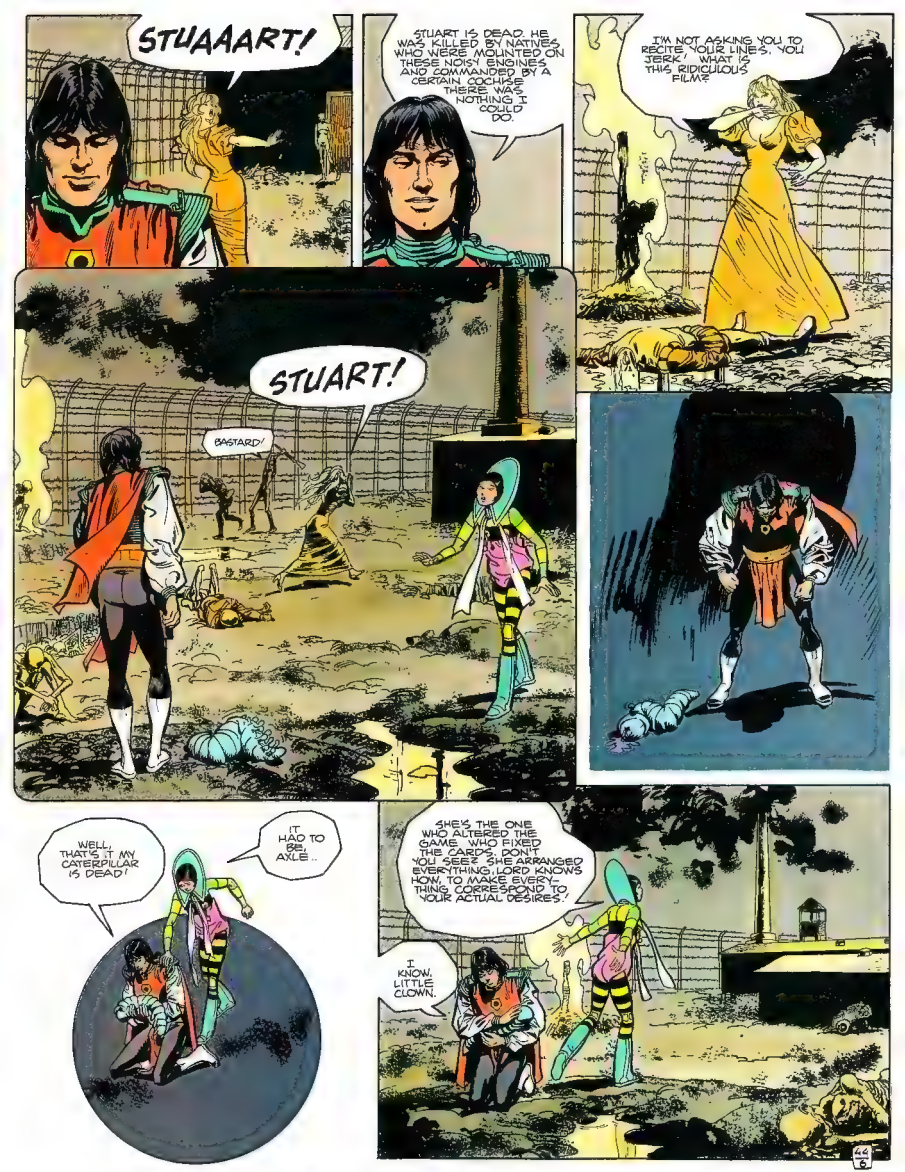


HERETIC
CALVIN ST
HUGUENOT
WITCH

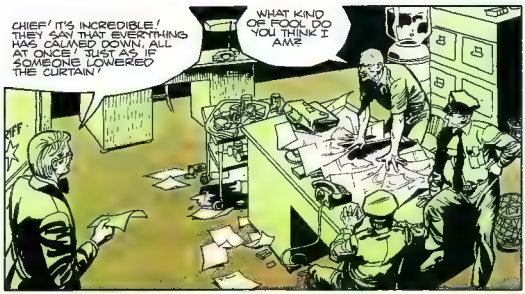
CHIMEER! THERE SHE IS! I'VE FINALLY FOUND HER!
THE FLAMES! NO, AXLE! DON'T! DON'T GO IN THERE! DON'T GO INTO HELL!
I DON'T CARE! SHE'S THERE! THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!
NOOOOO..
?!?
WHIZZZ...
CHTONGGG
FIZZZZ
AXLE! FINALLY! THAT'S WONDERFUL! THEY RE-WORKED THE END OF THE SCRIPT, JUST LIKE I SUGGESTED!

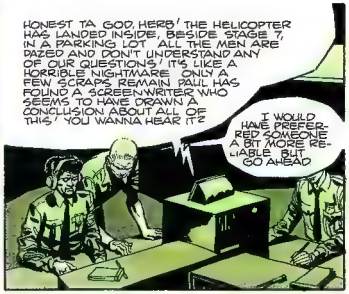
I'VE WAITED SO LONG FOR YOU
AND I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR WHAT SEEMS AN ETERNITY
I MUST DO IT. I HAVE A GUT FEELING.
AXLE. ALL THIS TIME. EACH SECOND THAT PASSED SEEMED THE LENGTH OF A LIFETIME, AND EACH TIME IT WAS A WASTED LIFE—WITHOUT YOU
GODS OF FOOLS AND CLAIRVOYANTS, GODS OF MIRRORS AND OF MISTY LAKES, CRANKY AND PERVERSE GODS, HELP ME WITH THIS DIRTY DEED. I AIM SO BADLY. SO BADLY!

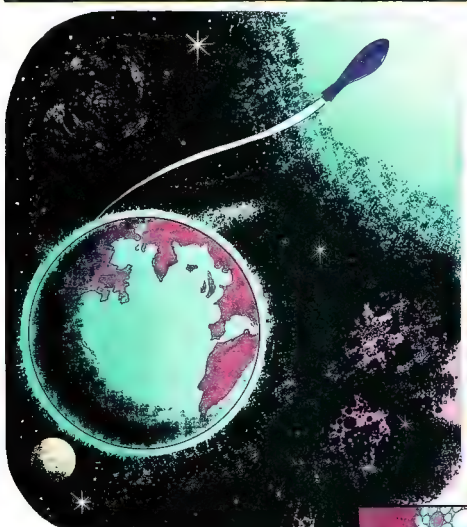
THE SMELL OF YOUR SKIN, HMMM. THE WARMTH OF YOUR SKIN . I AM FINALLY GOING TO KNOW THE TASTE OF YOUR SKIN .
TCHONG
SHIT! WHAT WAS THAT? THE SMELL IS HORRIBLE! THIS IS CRAZY! WHAT AM I DOING HERE?
AND THE CAMERA? . WHERE IS THE CAMERA?
CHIMERE, FOR PITY'S SAKE..
EH, TELL ME, MY FRIEND, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? YOU BETTER NOT TOUCH ME, YOU SLEAZE, OR I'LL CALL STUART AND HAVE YOU KICKED OUT OF HERE IMMED-IATELY! WHERE IS STUART?

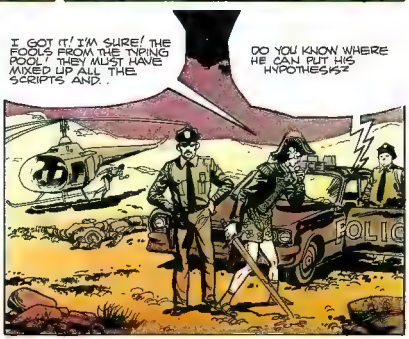

STUAAART!
STUART IS DEAD. HE WAS KILLED BY NATIVES WHO WERE MOUNTED ON THESE NOISY ENGINES AND COMMANDED BY A CERTAIN COCHISE. THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO.
I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO RECITE YOUR LINES, YOU JERK. WHAT IS THIS RIDICULOUS FILM?
STUART!
BASTARD!
WELL, THAT'S IT. MY CATERPILLAR IS DEAD!
IT HAD TO BE, AXLE..
SHE'S THE ONE WHO ALTERED THE GAME. WHO FIXED THE CARDS. DON'T YOU SEE? SHE ARRANGED EVERYTHING, LORD KNOWS HOW, TO MAKE EVERYTHING CORRESPOND TO YOUR ACTUAL DESIRES.
I KNOW, LITTLE CLOWN.

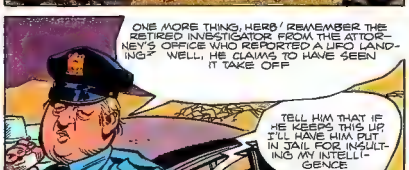
THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLANET ARE ONLY MALLEABLE PUPPETS THAT ONE CAN MANIPULATE EFFORTLESSLY. THAT FILTHY BEAST HAS NOT DENIED HIMSELF!... ALL OF THAT IS NOTHING BUT AN ENTICEMENT, A GROSS TRICK, A... A SENSELESS PRODUCTION! A MIRAGE, AXLE!
I KNOW, I KNOW!
BUT YOU COULD HAVE LET ME LIVE OUT THIS MIRAGE JUST A FEW HOURS MORE!
IMPOSSIBLE! I WOULD'VE BECOME...
AND THEN, WHAT! ONE MUST DEAL WITH REALITY HEAD ON!
REALITY?
WHAT IS REALITY, PAPA?
45

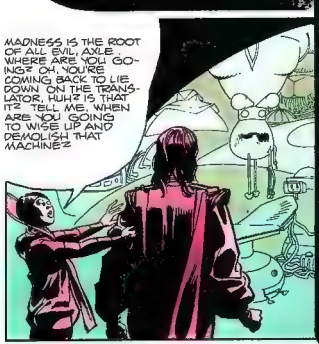

CHIEF! IT'S INCREDIBLE! THEY SAY THAT EVERYTHING HAS CALMED DOWN, ALL AT ONCE! JUST AS IF SOMEONE LOWERED THE CURTAIN!
WHAT KIND OF FOOL DO YOU THINK I AM?


HONEST TA GOD, HERB! THE HELICOPTER HAS LANDED INSIDE, BESIDE STAGE 7, IN A PARKING LOT. ALL THE MEN ARE DAZED AND DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF OUR QUESTIONS! IT'S LIKE A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE. ONLY A FEW SCRAPS REMAIN. PAUL HAS FOUND A SCREENWRITER WHO SEEMS TO HAVE DRAWN A CONCLUSION ABOUT ALL OF THIS! YOU WANNA HEAR IT?
I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED SOMEONE A BIT MORE RELIABLE, BUT GO AHEAD




I GOT IT! I'M SURE! THE FOOLS FROM THE TYPING POOL! THEY MUST HAVE MIXED UP ALL THE SCRIPTS AND...
DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE CAN PUT HIS HYPOTHESIS?
POLIC


ONE MORE THING, HERB! REMEMBER THE RETIRED INVESTIGATOR FROM THE ATTORNEY'S OFFICE WHO REPORTED A UFO LANDING? WELL, HE CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN IT TAKE OFF
TELL HIM THAT IF HE KEEPS THIS UP I'LL HAVE HIM PUT IN JAIL FOR INSULTING MY INTELLIGENCE


MADNESS IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL, AXLE. WHERE ARE YOU GOING? OH, YOU'RE COMING BACK TO LIE DOWN ON THE TRANSLATOR. HUH? IT'S THAT IT? TELL ME, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO WISE UP AND DEMOLISH THAT MACHINE?

ONE DAY, MAYBE NOW, LEAVE ME, LITTLE CLOWN. FOR THE MOMENT I WANT ONLY ONE THING. SLEEP.
SLEEP. OOOOH, CHIMERE
STORY GODARD
ART. RIBERA
fin

Interview: JULIO RIBERA

continued from page 36

Mouse. I'm certainly missing some that came out at that time.

BB: Clearly, there's an influence from those early American comic strips—their sense of innocence, a mock seriousness mixed with childlike charm. There's much of that in your work, but somehow you take it and twist it.

RIBERA: When I began in Spain, the masters were Hal Foster and especially Will Eisner. I recognize them in me. But since I've been in France, I've left them to the side. Maybe some of that element remains, but I've allowed what is inside of me to flourish.

BB: What about comics artists? Like many Spanish artists who were more exposed to American comics earlier on than the French, you show clear-cut influence from people like Raymond or E. C. Comics.

RIBERA: I started off with an admration for artists like Caniff or Paul Reinman [who drew the "golden age" Green Lantern for *Comic Cavalcade*]. But I feel closer to Caniff and Reinman than to artists like Al Williamson. He is my friend and he speaks Spanish perfectly. We began at the same place but he went one way and I the other.

BB: And Spanish influences?

RIBERA: Goya touched me a lot. Velasquez, Picasso. As for illustrators, there's one series by a Catalan artist named Segrelles. He's an illustrator who was an expatriate also, who lived in England and I believe the U.S. When you look at an illustration by Frazetta you know Frazetta must have looked at Segrelles.

BB: I see a touch of innocence to your work that reminds me of those Americans (except possibly Eisner).

RIBERA: It's true, American comics at that time were innocent. But so were American cinema and the American people in general.

BB: But while I see that innocent element in your work, I also see a strong satirical bent in the attitude of faces and absurd elements in the backgrounds, and so on. As in some science-fiction writers [i.e., Philip José Farmer] who use a traditional storytelling approach to satirize or critically analyze traditional styles literarily and culturally, I see a classicism derived from traditional American comics being used to satirize—a very European thing.

RIBERA: We're trying, if I understand you correctly, to use this classicism to touch the public, especially an American one, since it remains very classical. Our intentions—Godard's and mine—are to explain things in the clearest possible way, first from the point of view of graphics and then from the point of view of text.

BB: But you use traditionalism in art and storytelling in order to speak of untraditional or unconventional things and/or attitudes.

RIBERA: Exactly. That's to say, we want to speak of the things we see that don't set well with our conventional society or our world. But instead of approaching it directly with an impersonal critique, we take the theme, transpose it into an imaginary world, exaggerate all the problems. From that we create a work that has its sensationalized sides because it isn't an everyday approach. But it's something that has its roots in everyday reality.

> "I feel closer to Caniff and Reinman than to artists like Al Williamson. We began at the same place but he went one way and I the other."

BB: What sort of realities are worth criticizing?

RIBERA: The problem of reality in general, the fact we haven't found a true reality or been able to establish the existence of one. We don't know anything about it. That's the theme of the next *Vagabond of Limbo*.

BB: Ah, that's jumping ahead. Let's start with your actual reality. Tell me about your childhood.

RIBERA: I was born in 1927, in Barcelona, Spain, in the Gracia quarter—a middle-class suburb but one with a Latin Quarter side to it where a lot of artists live and work. My childhood was happy, no problem.

BB: But that places your childhood right smack-dab in the middle of the Spanish civil war, in 1936, between Franco's Fascists and the liberal Republicans.

RIBERA: My father was on the side of the Republicans; he was a young man, maybe thirty-five. When the war began the government first asked young people to be soldiers, but then they went on to take older ones like my father. When the legal Spanish government asked my father to fight, he fought—against Franco, the rebel. Franco was the rebel against the legally instituted leftist government. In the Spanish capital, Madrid, the government made up a very leftist policy, which included land reforms, in order for the peasants to have a lot more rights. Unfortunately a lot of established people, people with privilege, opposed these reforms and backed Franco. My city, Barcelona, was on the side of the Republicans.

BB: Spain has always known conflict between liberal, creative tradition and a very heavy, hard-nosed conservative ruling elite.

RIBERA: There's an age-old tradition of nonconformity in Barcelona. My grandfather was friendly with well-known painters like Rusiñol and Casas. People went to Paris at the turn of century and bought Renaults and the like, which they brought back to Spain. My grandfather had a large garage in which he sold the Renaults. This was an excellent excuse for him to go to Paris, see the Moulin Rouge, and visit the little women. So, these people were very playful and liked to play a lot of jokes. They pulled things like this story that I was told as a child. Before the war in 1914, they went to the village market where poultry was sold and tried selling five pesetas for four. Nobody ever bought them, nobody. The straight people wondered what the deal was. There's always a Spanish burlesque tradition. So when I was a kid, I pulled the same idiotic jokes. For example, after Franco won, Holy Week was always horrible. Cinemas, bars, everything closed. So we "revolutionaries," my group of friends, went into the streets and found old women as they were coming from or going to mass. We'd step up and politely ask them if, at their age, they still believed in that bullshit.

BB: With Franco in power, there must have been serious censorship and repression while you were growing up.

RIBERA: I couldn't read Hemingway, obviously; we were forbidden even to talk about him after he wrote the one on the war in Spain [*For Whom the Bell Tolls*]. I didn't have the right to read it until I was in Paris. Then there was Calderon's *El Alcalde de Zalamea*. It's a Spanish literary classic about a mayor of a little town that rebels against injustice. I wanted to read and see everything that was happening in the world. I didn't see why one man felt he had the right to tell me what was and wasn't good for me. Spanish classical literature was censored. When we went to the movies to see an American film, they cut it and changed the dialog in order to obscure things like sex. I remember a film with Clark Gable and some famous beautiful actress where they were obviously in a passionate embrace. But the dialog said: "You call me tomorrow at eight P.M because I have to catch the nine o'clock train." Plus, the price we paid for comics was robbery. When I worked as a professional comics artist in Spain there was a guy whose job consisted exclusively of removing the breasts of women because they officially didn't exist in Spain. There was a comic created by Frazetta with a character who rode at horse races, and the girl was very buxom, really well endowed. The guy took everything away. It was forbidden. I couldn't express my opinions; I'd risk jail to do so. Finally, I had had enough, so I got an airplane ticket and that was it. To sum it up, I became a voluntary cultural exile.

BB: So you ended up in France . . .

RIBERA: I must give homage to France, because it was a country where for the first time—when I arrived—I felt free. I could express myself without limitations of any sort, without censorship.

BB: What do you feel about French politics, like the rise of the *nouvelle droite*—the new right—and French anti-Semitism?

RIBERA: Right now, after living in France a long time—nearly twenty-five years—I don't allow myself to form political judgments on the country in which I'm living.

BB: Okay. Well, with conditions like those in Spain and your attitude, did you get along with your parents?

RIBERA: We've always been fairly close. When my father was young and I was just a teenager, he liked Gershwin and the Paul Whiteman Orchestra. I liked them too, but I

had already begun to like Louis Armstrong. There was a time when my parents and I had common points; now they're more than eighty years old and still living in Barcelona. But they still wait for vacation time to come visit me, and they're always waiting for me to send my newly published work.

BB: So you had an interest in music, mostly jazz?

RIBERA: Since I was really young I've been crazy about jazz. For me, to be really content, when I was a kid, was to listen to jazz and read good American comic strips. Later, when I was a teenager, I made a living playing drums in a jazz combo. At night I played in clubs while in the morning I did my drawings. In the afternoons I took them to publishers and in the late evening I began to play again.

BB: Why didn't you become a professional musician instead of a cartoonist?

RIBERA: I just didn't want to be. To be a professional musician meant much study, and I hated that. I was in an odd quartet—the pianist was blind, the bassist normal. He had a good ear but didn't know anything about orthodox technique. The guitarist sang like Nat King Cole half the time.

BB: Whom do you prefer in jazz?

RIBERA: Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Ella Fitzgerald, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young. I like jazz, swing, bebop with a trumpeter like Dizzy Gillespie. But, whoever, I can't stand mediocrity!

BB: Does jazz in any way influence your work?

RIBERA: Certainly. There's always the question of rhythm in jazz and in drawing. By rhythm such as I mean, I see it as the progression. Imagine the heads of the readers, how it captures the action that unrolls on one page after another. It must have a rhythm. One can't break the rhythm in drawing, just as one must not when he plays in a group. There was once an actual meeting of the two. When trumpeter Don Byas came to Spain, I found out he liked to draw a lot, and there I was playing with him: the illustrator who liked to play with him. Jazz affected me another way: there was a hot club in Barcelona where I went in the afternoon to hear records; it was there I met my wife.

BB: When did you get married?

RIBERA: September 2, 1954. Just after that I went to Paris. When I made the decision to go to France I had already been a professional illustrator for a few years in Spain. I was doing *The Flying Saucer* beginning 1947 or maybe '49. That collection worked very well. Most of what I did in Spain was elementary work. I did the drawing because I needed the money to eat. When I first came to France it was the same. I did uninteresting things because it paid.

BB: Was any of it important to you, what you did in Spain?

RIBERA: Everything was, and it wasn't. The more I did work, even if it was nonsense, the more experience I acquired, so I had the feeling of doing something valuable. In my career, I didn't start doing strips; I haven't for a long time done definite characters that had a career of their own. I did little things here and there because I had to eat. In France I spent the first ten years doing much the same—strips, illustrations—it wasn't interesting but it brought in enough. I worked for daily papers—*Parisien libéré*, *France soir*. I worked at *L'Aurore* on assignment. I did adaptations of books for a press agency. They took the book, cut it into little strips, and gave it to me. I did the little drawings and lettered the texts that were printed underneath.

"The only drugs I've had have been alcohol and women. I always had many opportunities with both."

BB: When did your career begin to turn toward things you like doing, that were of your own creation?

RIBERA: In, say, between 1970 and '72. That was at a time when, they say, a forty-year-old man questions himself. It was true. I was in my forties, so I stopped smoking, let my beard grow in, stopped drinking, and began to write my own texts. The fact that I stopped smoking allowed me to have clearer ideas and throw myself into writing texts in French. That was something I couldn't do before, because I didn't possess a command of the language with that degree of confidence before

BB: It was at this time that you did *Dracurella*, your horror spoof.

RIBERA: Yes, for *Dracurella* I wrote the text and afterwards drew it. It first was published in episodes; then after a certain time we found ourselves with enough to make an album. That was my first.

BB: Both *Dracurella* and *Vagabond of Limbo*—of which "The Alchemist Supreme" and "What Is Reality, Papa?" are only a part—reveal your satirical style even though one is your creation and the other is a collaboraton.

RIBERA: You must realize, I'm not writing it—it's Christian Godard's idea. It started as a job of illustrating the ideas of Godard. He writes the text his way and I receive it for illustration. Our roles are very clearly defined.

BB: How did you two get together?

RIBERA: About six years ago Hachette Publications decided to get into cartoons. They asked a comics specialist to look for writers to put together collections. So Henri Filippini, an editor there at the time, believed that Godard and I would make a good team on a science-fiction story. Filippini was considered a comics expert; he now works at a publishing house, Editions Glenat. So an appointment was arranged and he said, "I've created a series for Hachette. M. Godard, do you want to write it, and M. Ribera, do you want to illustrate it?" That's when Godard and I agreed. We discussed and we searched and we agreed on what each of us wanted to do. From that time on Godard worked in his house on the text as he wanted and I illustrated it as I thought it should be.

BB: But certainly there are shared ideas.

RIBERA: Of course, because in general the ideas Godard has touch me. He creates something I'm interested in. I know I'm going to have a well-developed story with descriptive scenes that will perfectly excite my illustrator's imagination. Merely to receive Godard's text, I feel a desire to work. It inspires me. Look, we touched on the theme of reality. What is reality? The work we're doing now is questioning the role of banks, of economy. We cover many shared things. I feel good with the characters of *Vagabond of Limbo*. I feel it more and more. It's no longer a job; it's a pleasure. In "The Alchemist Supreme" we touched on themes that aren't apparently or intentionally funny but actually are—like the question of God. It's not particularly funny, but we both feel we succeed in making the reader smile, maybe even think a little. We don't take things seriously.

BB: Your monsters certainly twist the very serious notion of sex. Would you want to make it with some of those hanging out with God in "The Alchemist Supreme"? Are they some of your deepest fantasies?

RIBERA: Not all of them, maybe some of them. It just depends. These monsters aren't free. We wanted the reader to realize God has tried other things than just man.

BB: You weren't stoned when you did those?

RIBERA: The only drugs I've had have been alcohol and women. I always had many opportunities with both, every evening when I was playing. And that's the only drug I continue to like—women.

BB: Well, Axle Munshine's ideal women—hmmn, even Musky—are beautiful fantasies. Are they based on anyone?

RIBERA: Godard said to me, "Here's a woman who is marvelously blond. She is as beautiful as the sun," and that's all. The graphic creations are mine.

BB: Does she look like your wife?

RIBERA: No. My wife is a brunette and a few years older. We've been married twenty-five years. This idyllic woman is younger.

BB: Is your wife jealous?

RIBERA: A bit, because there is the phenomenon of younger women appreciating older men like me. My wife realizes it. After twenty-five years together you're no longer a couple, but companions. You're a family. It changes a lot from the beginnng.

BB: Children, cats, dogs, or just the two of you?

RIBERA: There are only the two of us in a small three-room apartment in the Paris suburbs. I'm not rich, far from it. Things are finally beginning to go well and maybe I'll have money, but not now.

BB: Even with your gray hair, your face looks a lot younger.

RIBERA: You're not the first to tell me that. I'm fifty-three.

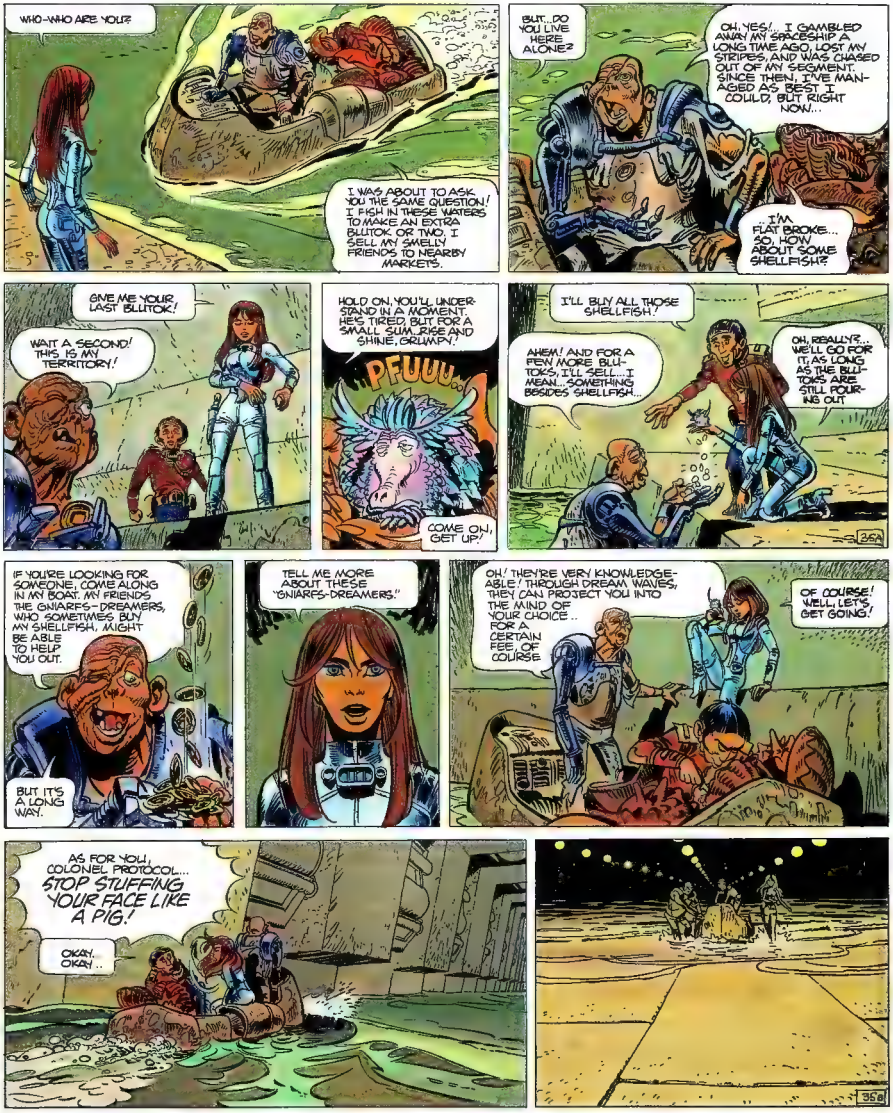
BB: Is it because of cartoons that you look younger?

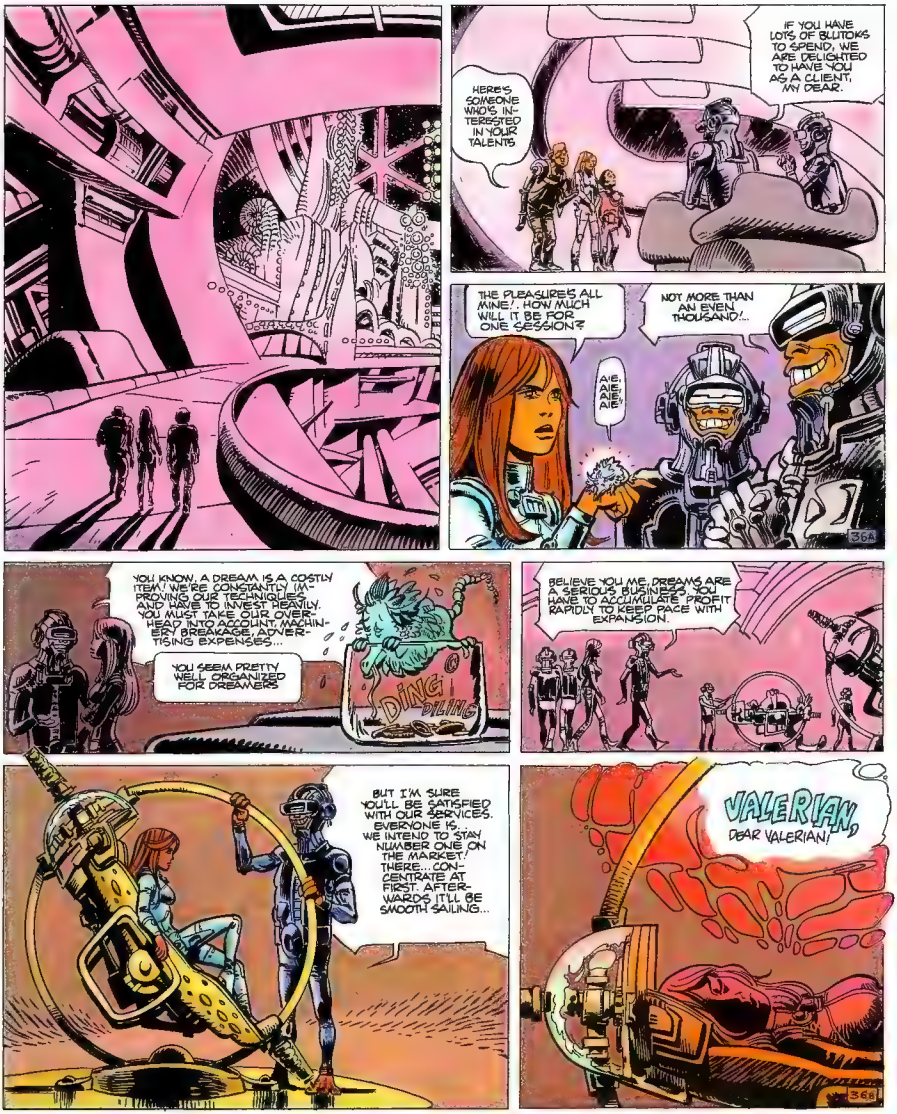
RIBERA: Certainly. A man who wakes every morning, takes a piece of paper, and makes beautiful things, or tries to laugh with it, can't grow old like everyone else.

The Ambassador of the Shadows
Valerian: Time-Space Agent

by J. C. Mezières and P. Christin

Escaping from the Groubos, Laureline and "Colonel Protocol" steal a submarine and scuttle off to the Green Canal . .only to find that they are not alone . . .


WHO-WHO ARE YOU?
I WAS ABOUT TO ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION! I FISH IN THESE WATERS TO MAKE AN EXTRA BLUTOK OR TWO. I SELL MY SMELLY FRIENDS TO NEARBY MARKETS.
BUT...DO YOU LIVE HERE ALONE?
OH, YES/. I GAMBLED AWAY MY SPACESHIP A LONG TIME AGO, LOST MY STRIPES, AND WAS CHASED OUT OF MY SEGMENT. SINCE THEN, I'VE MANAGED AS BEST I COULD, BUT RIGHT NOW...
...I'M FLAT BROKE... SO, HOW ABOUT SOME SHELLFISH?
GIVE ME YOUR LAST BLUTOK!
WAIT A SECOND! THIS IS MY TERRITORY!
HOLD ON, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND IN A MOMENT. HE'S TIRED, BUT FOR A SMALL SUM...RISE AND SHINE, GRUMPY!
PFUUU...
COME ON, GET UP!
I'LL BUY ALL THOSE SHELLFISH!
AHEM! AND FOR A FEW MORE BLUTOKS, I'LL SELL...I MEAN...SOMETHING BESIDES SHELLFISH...
OH, REALLY?... WE'LL GO FOR IT, AS LONG AS THE BLUTOKS ARE STILL POURING OUT
26A
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE, COME ALONG IN MY BOAT. MY FRIENDS THE GNIARFS-DREAMERS, WHO SOMETIMES BUY MY SHELLFISH, MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU OUT.
BUT IT'S A LONG WAY.
TELL ME MORE ABOUT THESE "GNIARFS-DREAMERS."
OH! THEY'RE VERY KNOWLEDGEABLE! THROUGH DREAM WAVES, THEY CAN PROJECT YOU INTO THE MIND OF YOUR CHOICE... FOR A CERTAIN FEE, OF COURSE
OF COURSE! WELL, LET'S GET GOING!
AS FOR YOU, COLONEL PROTOCOL... STOP STUFFING YOUR FACE LIKE A PIG!
OKAY... OKAY...
35a


HERE'S SOMEONE WHO'S INTERESTED IN YOUR TALENTS
IF YOU HAVE LOTS OF BLUTOKS TO SPEND, WE ARE DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU AS A CLIENT, MY DEAR.
THE PLEASURE'S ALL MINE!. HOW MUCH WILL IT BE FOR ONE SESSION?
NOT MORE THAN AN EVEN THOUSAND!..
AIE, AIE, AIE, AIE!
368
YOU KNOW, A DREAM IS A COSTLY ITEM! WE'RE CONSTANTLY IMPROVING OUR TECHNIQUE, AND WE'VE TO INVEST HEAVILY. YOU MUST TAKE OUR OVERHEAD INTO ACCOUNT, MACHINERY BREAKAGE, ADVERTISING EXPENSES...
YOU SEEM PRETTY WELL ORGANIZED FOR DREAMERS
DING
DYING
BELIEVE YOU ME, DREAMS ARE A SERIOUS BUSINESS. YOU HAVE TO ACCUMULATE PROFIT RAPIDLY TO KEEP PACE WITH EXPANSION.
BUT I'M SURE YOU'LL BE SATISFIED WITH OUR SERVICES. EVERYONE IS. WE INTEND TO STAY NUMBER ONE ON THE MARKET, THERE... CONCENTRATE AT FIRST. AFTERWARDS, IT'LL BE SMOOTH SAILING...
VALERIAN,
DEAR VALERIAN!
369

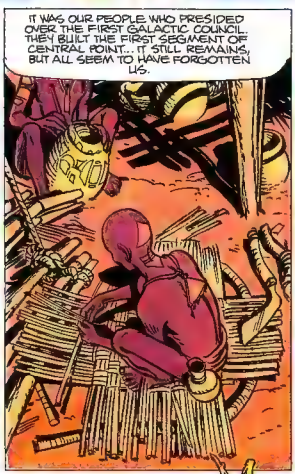
..DAMNED SHELL! NEVER SEEN SUCH A THING! LUCKILY THEY DIDN'T DISCOVER MY MICRO-EQUIPMENT!
THE AMBASSADOR. NOW I CAN GET HIM OUT OF THERE. THE FIFTY HOURS ARE UP. THERE'S NO LONGER ANY RISK.
I HOPE THE STRAIN HASN'T BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM, POOR OLD GEEZER!
NONSENSE! I'M FIT AS A FIDDLE AND YOU'D BETTER WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE!
BUT WHERE... OUCH ARE WE? AND... OUCH, I'M STIFF IN THE JOINTS... WHAT HAPPENED?
UH, IT'S RATHER DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN. WE'RE SURROUNDED BY A TOTAL VOID. I'M CURIOUS ABOUT WHERE WE ARE, MYSELF. THIS SHIP HAS NO APPARENT MEANS OF PROPULSION AND THERE'S NO ONE ELSE ON BOARD.
ALL THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE! MY INTERVENTION AT THE GALACTIC COUNCIL SHOULD TAKE PLACE IN LESS THAN THREE HOURS!!!
...AND THERE ARE TEN THOUSAND WARSHIPS FROM THE EARTH WAITING, ON MY ORDERS, TO SURROUND CENTRAL POINT!!!
WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
EARTHMEN! FORGET YOUR PROBLEMS! YOU'RE ABOUT TO ENTER INTO THE WORLD OF THE SHADOWS! DO NOT FEAR! COME WITH US!
WATCH OUT!
ORDERS! I WON'T TOLERATE.

WELCOME TO THE PLANET WITHOUT A NAME!
YOU ARE OUR GUESTS HERE.
WE WERE EXPECTING YOU.

VERY NICE! BUT I'VE NO USE FOR THEM! WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO MAKE A PRISONER OF ME? DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? THE AMBASSADOR OF GALAXY! THAT'S WHO!
AND THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME! CENTRAL POINT IS IN DANGER. I JUST FOUND OUT.
TIME! WHAT IS TIME?

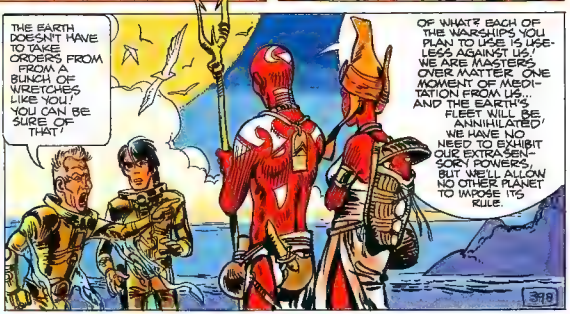
FOR UNTOLD MILLENNIA, LIFE HERE HAS FOLLOWED THE SAME COURSE, DAY AFTER DAY, EVER TRUE TO ITS PATTERN. CHILDREN ARE BORN AND THE OLD DIE. NOTHING IS EVER THE SAME, AND YET ALL REMAINS UNCHANGED
BUT... WHO ARE YOU?
WE ARE NO LONGER. ANYONE. NOTHING BUT SHADOWS. OUR PLANET IS FOREVER HIDDEN TO ALL EYES. OUR LIVES ARE FOREVER CONCEALED FROM OTHERS
39A

BUT IT HASN'T ALWAYS BEEN SO. WE HAD A NAME. WE WERE POWERFUL. WE WAGED MANY A WAR. BUT THEN WE BEGAN TO CHANGE...

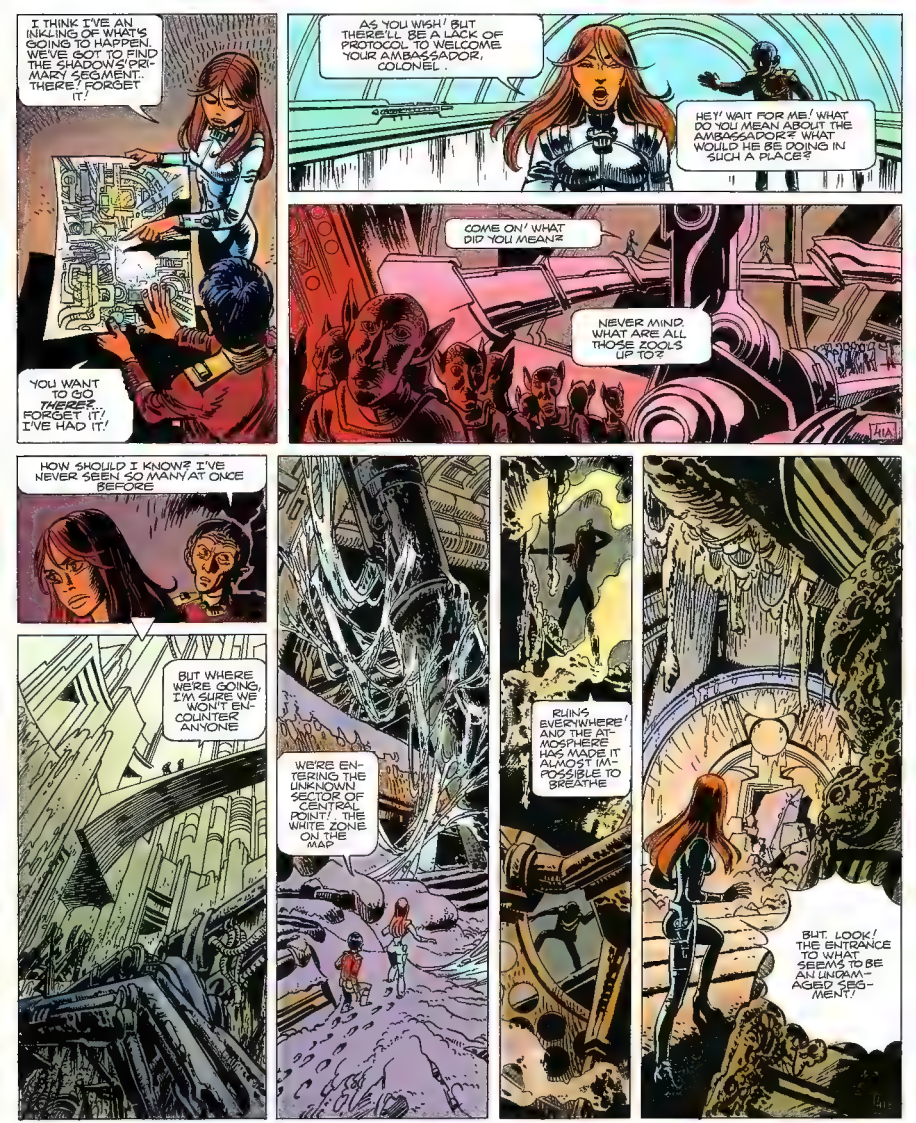

IT WAS OUR PEOPLE WHO PRESIDED OVER THE FIRST GALACTIC COUNCIL. THEN BUILT THE FIRST SEGMENT OF CENTRAL POINT... IT STILL REMAINS, BUT ALL SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN US.

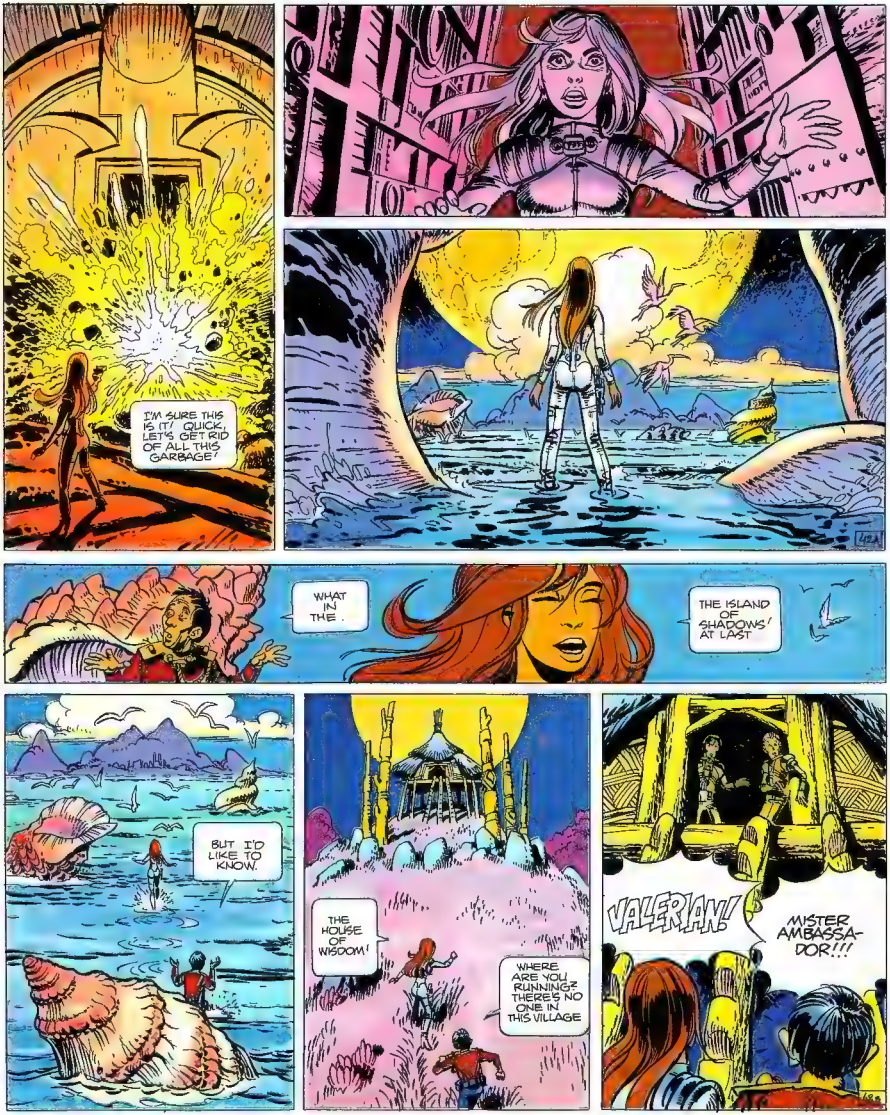
LITTLE BY LITTLE, WE REALIZED THAT IT CONSTITUTED YET ANOTHER ILLUSION. SO WE WITHDREW FOREVER. BUT WE KEEP WATCH...

BUT, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FROM US?
WE KNOW OF THE CORRUPTION THAT RUNS RAMPANT ON CENTRAL POINT AND ELSEWHERE THROUGHOUT THE HEAVENS. BUT FOR THE MOMENT, NO ONE POWER IMPOSES ITS RULE. WE'LL NEVER ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN...

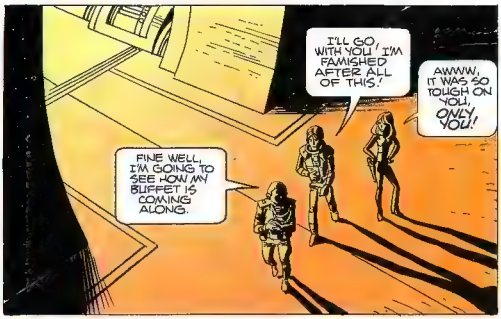

THE EARTH DOESN'T HAVE TO TAKE ORDERS FROM A BUNCH OF WRETCHES LIKE YOU! YOU CAN BE SURE OF THAT!
OF WHAT? EACH OF THE WARSHIPS YOU PLAN TO USE IS USELESS AGAINST US. WE ARE MASTERS OVER MATTER. ONE MOMENT OF MEDITATION FROM US... AND THE EARTH'S FLEET WILL BE ANNIHILATED! WE HAVE NO NEED TO EXHIBIT OUR EXTRASENSORY POWERS, BUT WE'LL ALLOW NO OTHER PLANET TO IMPOSE ITS RULE.
39B

WOULD YOU BOTH FOLLOW ME? THESE CHILDREN WILL TAKE YOU TO THE HOUSE OF WISDOM I EXPECT YOU WILL PROFIT FROM THEIR LESSON...
AFTER-WARDS, YOU'LL BE FREE TO RETURN TO CENTRAL POINT, WHERE, I BELIEVE, YOU'RE EXPECTED. YOUR RETURN TRIP WILL BE MUCH FASTER THAN YOUR ARRIVAL!
BUT THIS IS BRAIN-WASHING!
COME, WE'LL TELL YOU SOME WONDERFUL STORIES...
40A
THAT'S ODD! USUALLY THEY LAST MUCH LONGER...
THE DREAM WAS IN-TERRUPTED!
BUT AS FOR RE-FUNDING YOUR MONEY...
NEVER MIND. I HAVE TO BE GOING..
OH, NO! WE'RE START-INGOFF AGAIN? I'M EXHAUSTED! . LOOK AT HIM!
Z'
MY POOR GRUMPY! LET'S HOPE YOU CAN HOLD UP UNTIL I FIND SOME SORT OF BOOSTER FOR YOU! I'M RATHER FOND OF YOU, YOU KNOW.
WELL, COLONEL DIOL, IF YOU WANT TO FIND YOUR AM-BASSADOR GIVE ME THE MAP...
MMPH! ZZZZ'
40B

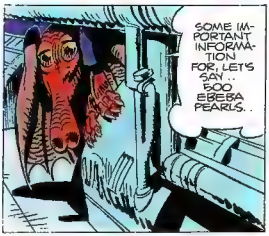

I THINK I'VE AN INKLING OF WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE SHADOWS' PRIMARY SEGMENT. THERE! FORGET IT!
YOU WANT TO GO THERE? FORGET IT! I'VE HAD IT!
AS YOU WISH! BUT THERE'LL BE A LACK OF PROTOCOL TO WELCOME YOUR AMBASSADOR, COLONEL.
HEY! WAIT FOR ME! WHAT DO YOU MEAN ABOUT THE AMBASSADOR? WHAT WOULD HE BE DOING IN SUCH A PLACE?
COME ON! WHAT DID YOU MEAN?
NEVER MIND WHAT ARE ALL THOSE ZOOLS UP TO?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY AT ONCE BEFORE
BUT WHERE WE'RE GOING, I'M SURE WE WON'T ENCOUNTER ANYONE
WE'RE ENTERING THE UNKNOWN SECTOR OF CENTRAL POINT! THE WHITE ZONE ON THE MAP
RUINS EVERYWHERE! AND THE ATMOSPHERE HAS MADE IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO BREATHE
BUT, LOOK! THE ENTRANCE TO WHAT SEEMS TO BE AN UNDAMAGED SEGMENT!


I'M SURE THIS IS IT! QUICK, LET'S GET RID OF ALL THIS GARBAGE!
WHAT IN THE.
THE ISLAND OF SHADOWS! AT LAST
BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW.
THE HOUSE OF WISDOM!
WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING? THERE'S NO ONE IN THIS VILLAGE
VALERIAN!
MISTER AMBASSA-DOR!!!

MISTER AMBASSADOR! MAY I WELCOME YOU TO CENTRAL POINT AND EXPRESS MY HOPE FOR A TRIUMPH WHICH THE EARTH CANNOT FAIL TO..
THANK YOU, COLONEL DIOL, THANK YOU BUT YOU SEE, I'M AFRAID YOUR GLORIOUS SPEECH IS A BIT OUTDATED! WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO LEAD THE WAY TO THE HALL OF SCREENS?
I SHOULD ARRIVE JUST IN TIME FOR THE COUNCIL..
OH, I WAS SO WORRIED..
YOU DIDN'T NEED TO BE! OF COURSE, I DID RUN CERTAIN RISKS, BUT YOU KNOW YOUR VALERIAN ALWAYS MANAGES TO PULL THROUGH LIKE A PRO.
AHEM! QUICKLY, PLEASE, MY FRIENDS, I'M EAGER TO TELL THEM ABOUT EARTH'S PEACEFUL INTENTIONS!
LAURELINE? WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU UPSET?
OUR ROLE CAN BE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE. I'M SURE OF IT. I'LL EXPLAIN OUR CHANGE OF PLANS TO GALAXITY IN TIME
DIOL HELP ME TAKE OFF THIS SPACE SUIT. I MUST ADDRESS THE COUNCIL IN FULL DRESS.
AH! THERE'S THE GREAT HALL OF SCREENS... I SEE THAT ALL THE REPRESENTATIVES ARE WAITING FOR ME. WELL, I SHAN'T DECEIVE THEM.
LET ME CONTINUE ALONE, MY FRIENDS. I DON'T NEED YOU ANY LONGER!
43a

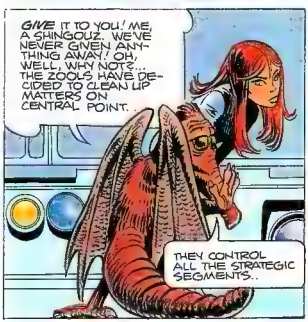

I'LL GO WITH YOU! I'M FAMISHED AFTER ALL OF THIS!
AWWW, IT WAS SO TOUGH ON YOU, ONLY YOU!
FINE WELL, I'M GOING TO SEE HOW MY BUFFET IS COMING ALONG.

PSSST.. I HAVE SOME INFORMATION...


SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR, LET'S SAY... 500 EBEBA PEARLS..

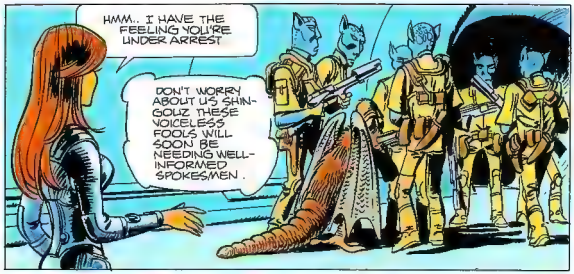
YOU AGAIN! SORRY, MAN, BUT NO MORE!. BESIDES, MY LITTLE GRUMPY IS DYING...
YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE.. ANYWAY, IT'S TOO LATE.

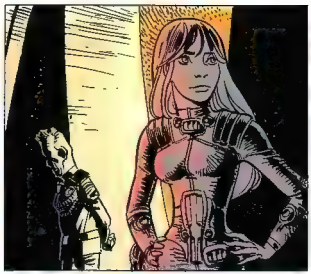
WELL, IF IT'S TOO LATE, YOUR INFORMATION ISN'T WORTH ANYTHING, IS IT?
SO LET ME HAVE IT FOR NOTHIN'

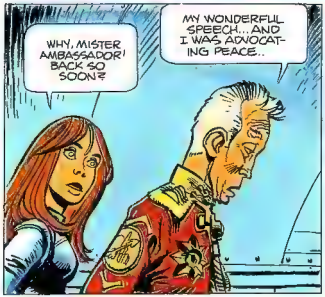

GIVE IT TO YOU! ME, A SHINGOUZ.. WE'VE NEVER GIVEN ANYTHING AWAY! OH, WELL, WHY NOT?. THE ZOOLS HAVE DECIDED TO CLEAN UP MATTERS ON CENTRAL POINT.
THEY CONTROL ALL THE STRATEGIC SEGMENTS..

THE IDIOTS WANT TO REESTABLISH THE INITIAL MORAL CODE OF THE COUNCIL, AND..
THROW OUT THE PROFITEERS..

THEY'VE BEEN PREPARINGS TO DO SO FOR CENTURIES, BUT IT WAS YOUR AMBASSADOR'S PRESENCE THAT SPEEDED THINGS UP..
CENTRAL POINT WAS JUST FINE AS IT WAS, THOUGH
46


HMM.. I HAVE THE FEELING YOU'RE UNDER ARREST
DON'T WORRY ABOUT US SHINGOUZ. THESE VOICELESS FOOLS WILL SOON BE NEEDING WELL-INFORMED SPOKESMEN.

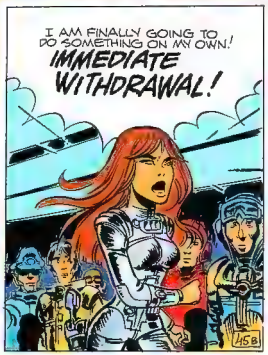



WHY, MISTER AMBASSADOR! BACK SO SOON?
MY WONDERFUL SPEECH... AND I WAS ADVOCATING PEACE..

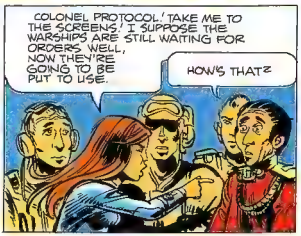
BUT WE'VE BEEN EXPELLED! OUR RIGHT TO RESIDE ON CENTRAL POINT HAS BEEN SUSPENDED FOR A HUNDRED YEARS!
THAT'S WHAT THOSE MONSTERS ON THE COUNCIL HAVE DECIDED AND..

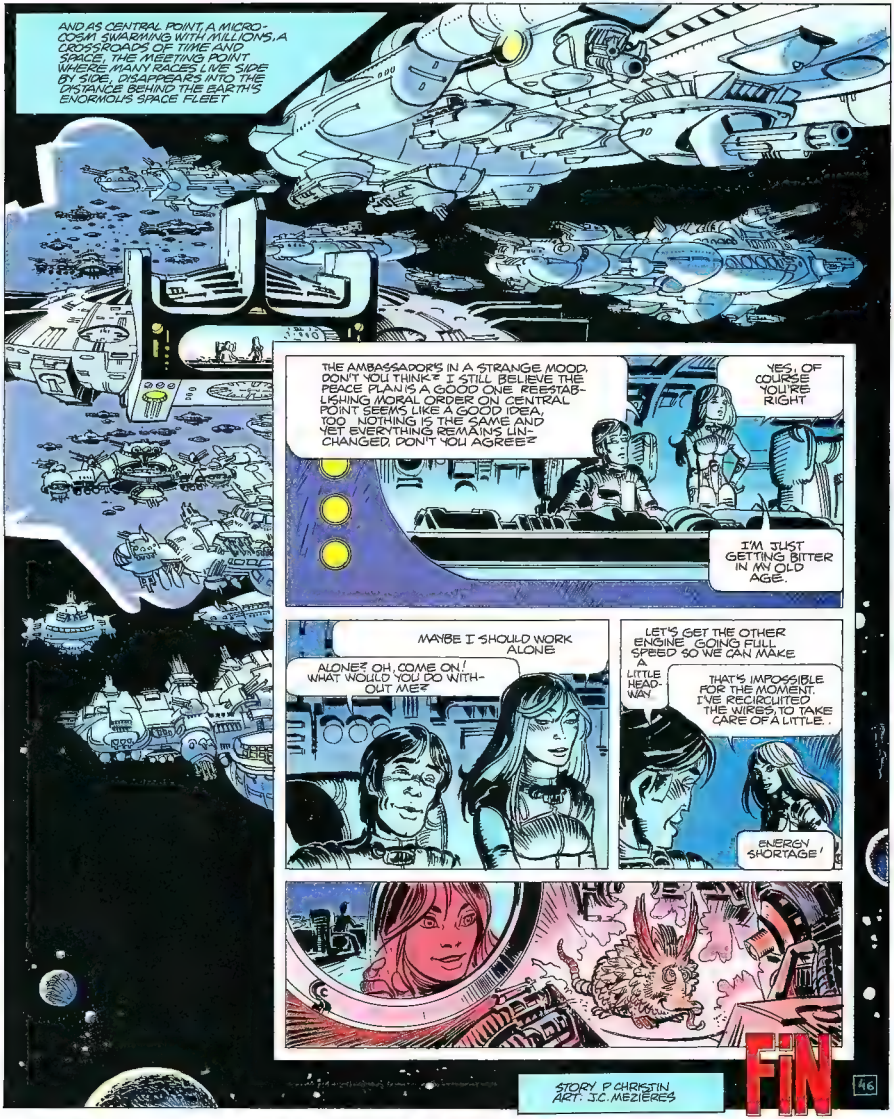
OUR SEGMENT IS TO BE BLOWN UP AS WELL, IN LESS THAN AN HOUR! HOW CAN THEY DO THIS TO ME, THE AMBASSADOR OF THE SHADOWS, THE ADVOCATE OF A NEW WISDOM...
COME, COME, NOW, DON'T CRY YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT FREEDOM CAN'T JUST BE HANDED TO PEOPLE. I THOUGHT YOUR SHADOWS WERE ALL VERY NICE, BUT A BIT PATERNALISTIC, HMM?
NOW, LET'S JOIN THE OTHERS...
46

MISTER AMBASSADOR! WE'RE HAPPY AND HONORED TO..
ENOUGH, ENOUGH...


I AM FINALLY GOING TO DO SOMETHING ON MY OWN!
IMMEDIATE WITHDRAWAL!
45

BUT.. WHAT'S GOING ON? I DON'T GET IT!
POOR VALERIAN! THIS HAS BEEN A ROUGH MISSION FOR YOU. YOU'RE GOING TO NEED TO REST UP A BIT NOW...
LET ME HANDLE THIS IN MY OWN WAY--FOR ONCE!


COLONEL PROTOCOL! TAKE ME TO THE SCREENS! I SUPPOSE THE WARSHIPS ARE STILL WAITING FOR ORDERS. WELL, NOW THEY'RE GOING TO BE PUT TO USE.
HOW'S THAT?


AND AS CENTRAL POINT, A MICROCOSM SWARMING WITH MILLIONS, A CROSSROADS OF TIME AND SPACE, THE MEETING POINT WHERE MANY RACES LIVE SIDE BY SIDE, DISAPPEARS INTO THE DISTANCE BEHIND THE EARTH'S ENORMOUS SPACE FLEET.
THE AMBASSADOR'S IN A STRANGE MOOD, DON'T YOU THINK? I STILL BELIEVE THE PEACE PLAN IS A GOOD ONE. REESTABLISHING MORAL ORDER ON CENTRAL POINT SEEMS LIKE A GOOD IDEA, TOO. NOTHING IS THE SAME AND YET EVERYTHING REMAINS UNCHANGED. DON'T YOU AGREE?
YES, OF COURSE. YOU'RE RIGHT
I'M JUST GETTING BITTER IN MY OLD AGE.
MAYBE I SHOULD WORK ALONE
ALONE? OH, COME ON! WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITHOUT ME?
LET'S GET THE OTHER ENGINE GOING FULL SPEED SO WE CAN MAKE A LITTLE HEADWAY
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE MOMENT. I'VE RECIRCUITED THE WIRES, TO TAKE CARE OF A LITTLE.
ENERGY SHORTAGE!
FIN
STORY P. CHRISTIN
ART: J.C. MEZIÈRES
46

WRITERS, ARTISTS AND FANS ALL AGREE BERNI WRIGHTSON: A LOOK BACK IS A MASTERPIECE

"It is fantastic—stunning! A gargantuan undertaking and a tremendous achievement! **A LOOK BACK** is a one of a kind book I have never seen anything like it in my life."
STEPHEN KING, author of THE SHINING, THE STAND, THE DEAD ZONE

"A LOOK BACK is a gorgeously produced volume of some 360 pages, it immediately stuns the eye with page on page of carefully reproduced black-and-white and color illustrations. As a physical production, **A LOOK BACK** is in itself a masterpiece. As a showcase, the book is a fascinating display of the artistic genius that has driven Berni Wrightson to the top in so short of time."
KARL EDWARD WAGNER, author of BLOODSTONE and DEATH ANGEL'S SHADOW

"A LOOK BACK may be one of the best books I have ever seen. It is well written, loaded with information that even I was not aware of and designed to appeal to a very wide audience. The art reproduction is flawless. Altogether tastefully done."
MICHAEL WM. KALUTA

"Two of my real passions are art books and good comic art. It is not very often that I have seen the work of a comic artist displayed with the beauty and class of BERNI WRIGHTSON. **A LOOK BACK**. It is certainly a beautiful addition to my library."
BORIS VALLEJO

"It's beautiful. The aspect of the book that most appealed to me was the writing, both Chris' excursions into Art and Berni, and Berni's own easy, droll prose. Having set the tone of the whole effort with what I consider incidentals—the handsome leather binding lurking beneath the dust jacket, for instance—Chris has written sprightly and nicely human comments on a subject which truly interests him."
STEVE HICKMAN

"Not only does it have fantastic Berni Wrightson art, it has great color reproduction, lots of inside information on artwork, good quality paper and binding, and is generally well organized and thought out."
CARL GOODMAN, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"A LOOK BACK is a masterpiece. With its publication you have created a book which finally lives up to the incredible talent of Berni Wrightson. The obvious care, effort, know-how and dedication that are evident in every one of the 360 pages of this marvelous tome have resulted in a collection of fantastic artwork which fans and art lovers have only been able to dream about until now."
ALEXANDER BIALY, Poughkeepsie, New York

"A LOOK BACK is the ultimate in the presentation of the work of any modern fantasy illustrator. Paper, typography, layout, reproduction—are all equally superb."
CLARENCE JOHN LAUGHLING, New Orleans, Louisiana

"BERNI WRIGHTSON **A LOOK BACK** is a truly fine and wonderful book. The layout of the book is excellent totally uncluttered and easy on the eye. Lovers of both fantastic art and Berni Wrightson can thank Christopher Zavisa for its existence." Rating of 10.
MARK BURBEY from the RBCC review

"A LOOK BACK is a masterpiece. Very impressive. The book gives you an insight on the person and his work."
DOUG ADAMS, Louisville, Kentucky

"I loved reading the book, devouring it thoroughly. Graphically it is laid out beautifully. It is really the best hardbound book I have ever seen come out of fandom concerning one artist. Nobody will ever top this production."
ROGER HILL, Wichita, Kansas

"The book was just beautiful. Never have I enjoyed reading a book on one of my favorite artists as much as I did with **A LOOK BACK**. My congratulations to you and Berni for a job well done."
TRACY CRAMER, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

"It is a sumptous volume, which I have not even begun to savor. There is a good deal of work I am familiar with, and a good deal more that I have never seen before. It's marvelous to have it all, so splendidly preserved, between the covers of one great, handsome volume."
CHARLES COLLINS, Middle Village, New York

"It's a beautifully printed and beautifully presented book. I have spent hours looking through it savoring each illustration. You have given us a retrospective of a brilliant artist done not as a casual observer but as an active participant."
R. DAVID DUVALL, Towson, Maryland

"Your **A LOOK BACK** is a genuine treasury of Wrightson's morbid genius."
DICK VOLL, Newberg, Oregon

"The book is a treasure—breathtaking! Beautiful! Excellent! Bravo! Everytime I read it I find something new and subtle. Berni's art has always held fascination for me and your presentation of his last ten years is a joy to his fans."
JAMES SALITURI, Montreal, Canada

"I must say that after reading and devouring **A LOOK BACK** that it is the highlight of my collection of fantasy/horror portfolios and books. You have presented us with an outstanding book on a true talent."
MIKE PHILLIPS, Tornado, West Virginia

"You have taken a very important and talented artist and built a showcase in which all art lovers can view his handiwork. I believe what seperates this book from other art anthologies, besides the generally excellent reproductions, is the personal touch; the feeling one gets from what went into this book. It shows that the person who put this book together, lived with Berni for these past two years and truly knows what makes this artist tick."
CHRIS WRENN, Rocky Mount, North Carolina

"From the Harlan Ellison introduction to the detailed writeup on the makings of the cover painting, **A LOOK BACK** shone with excellence. **A LOOK BACK** examines Berni's work with loving care, with an eye for detail, and with a thoroughness I found admirable."
GEORGE BEAHM, Newport News, Virginia

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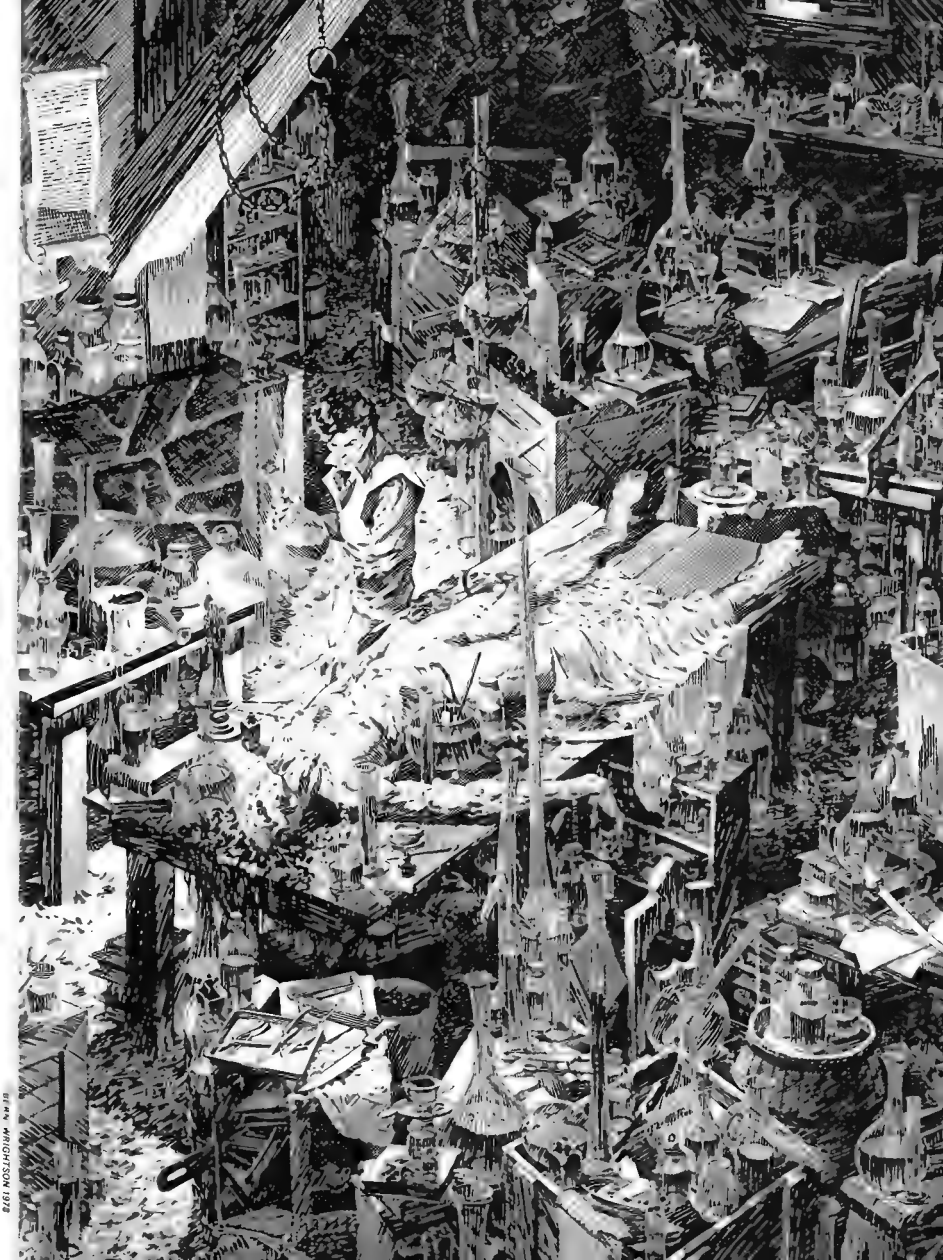
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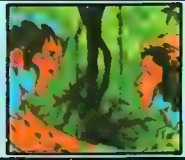

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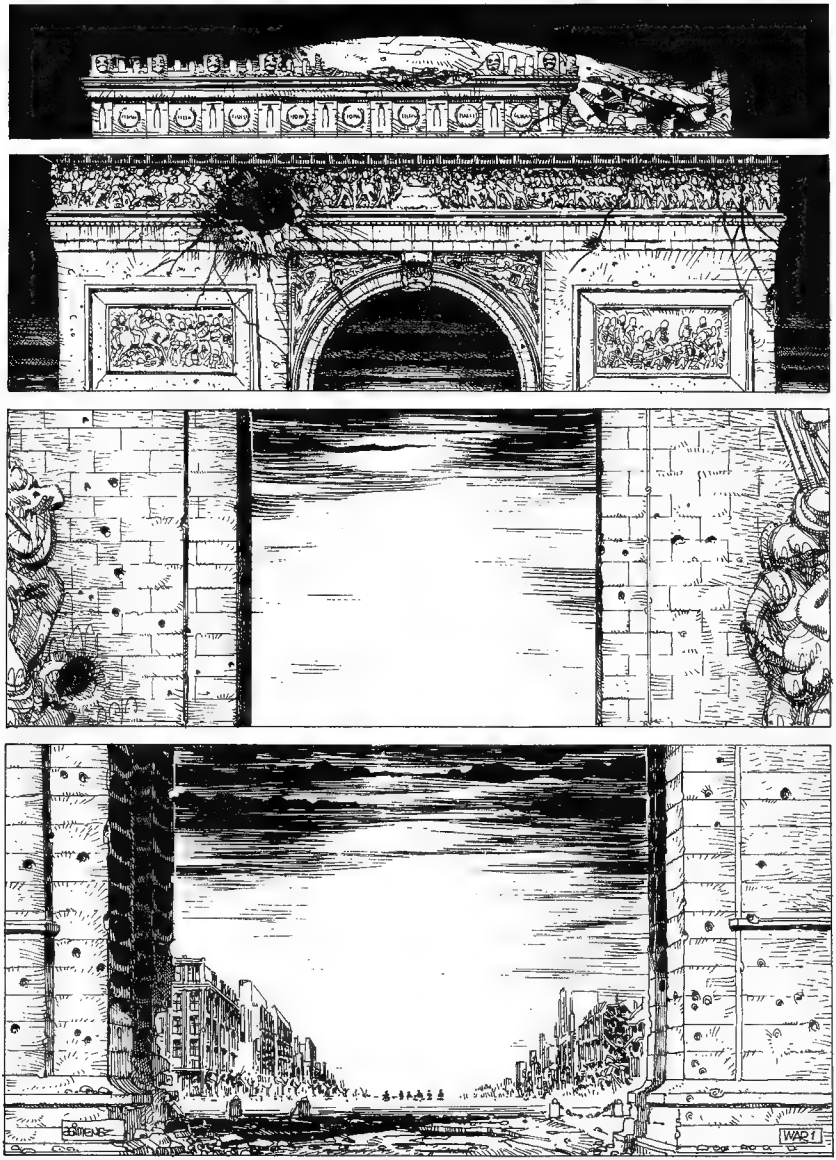
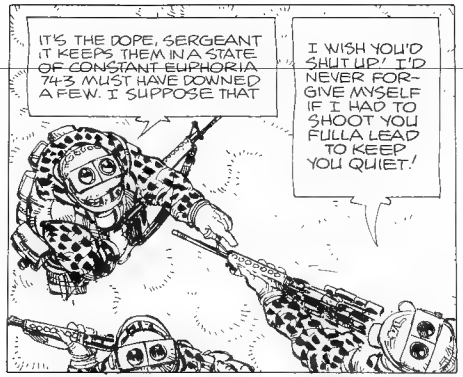


THE LEVEL OF RADIATION IS 7.9 ROENTGENS, SERGEANT.
TAKE TAKE TAKE TAKE TAKE
PERFECT WE SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY PROBLEMS. OUR VITAL SUPPORT EQUIPMENT CAN TAKE A MAXIMUM DOSE OF THIS STUFF!
...AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT THE MANUAL SAID..
DON'T BE SUCH A PESSIMIST, 160! THAT KIND OF CRACK HAS BEEN KNOWN TO LEAD US TO WAR!
160 IS DRUGGED, SERGEANT. I SAW HIM TAKE A TAB OF OMNIDRENE BEFORE WE LEFT CAMP.
WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS WHEN WE GET BACK TO BASE, 160!
THE MILITARY-SUPPLY UNIT HOLDS BUCKETS FULL OF UPS, DOWNS— YOU NAME IT—AND NO ONE SAYS ANYTHING ABOUT IT. THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH IT!
...THE OMNIDRENE HELPS ME TO HANDLE THIS SHIT A LITTLE BETTER!
...AND MY LIVER HASN'T BURST, NOR AM I LADEN WITH GIGANTIC HEMORRHOIDS. MINE ARE MAYBE THE SIZE OF OSTRICH EGGS, SHIT, I CAN HARDLY WALK! HA HAA...
WAR 2

ENOUGH! I'LL SHOOT YOU RIGHT NOW IF YOU'RE GOING TO CONTINUE TO ACT LIKE SUCH A FOOL!


IT'S THE DOPE, SERGEANT IT KEEPS THEM IN A STATE OF CONSTANT EUPHORIA 743 MUST HAVE DOWNED A FEW. I SUPPOSE THAT
I WISH YOU'D SHUT UP! I'D NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF IF I HAD TO SHOOT YOU FULLA LEAD TO KEEP YOU QUIET!

IF YOU DON'T QUIT IT NOW...

I'LL
743

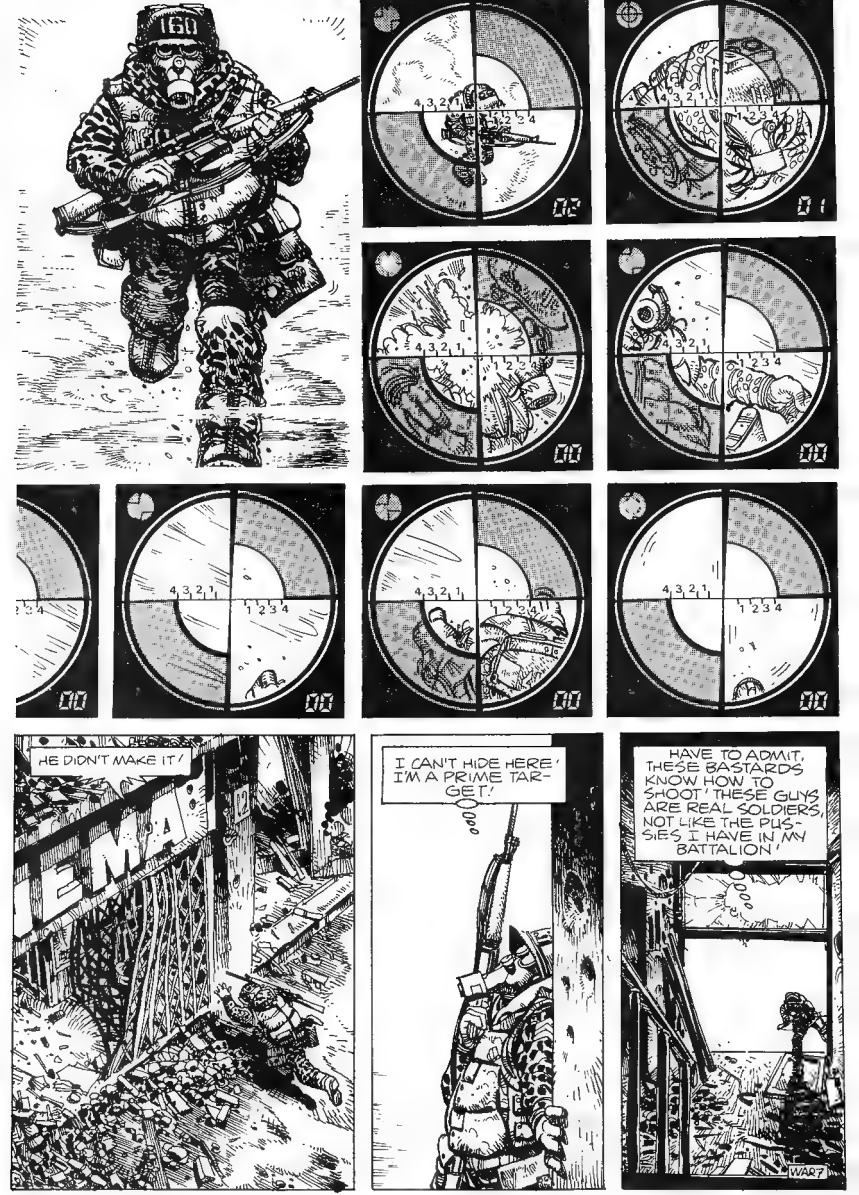
I'M NOT SURE I CAN.
743

PLOP
WARJ

WATCH OUT! A SNIPER!
BOOFF
IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE ATOM BOMB! THAT DOESN'T LEAVE A SINGLE SURVIVOR!
SHUT UP, 160, WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR SHIT!
160
DID ANYONE SEE WHERE THE SHOTS CAME FROM?
NOT EXACTLY, SARGE. I THINK FROM SOMEWHERE IN THAT BUILDING...
160
CINEMA
WARA

JUDGING FROM THE ANGLE OF THE SHOTS, HE MUST BE HALFWAY UP. GAS A FEW OF THE MIDDLE FLOORS
TROK! TROK! TROK! TR
I HAVE HIM! HE'S ON THE TENTH FLOOR, IN THE FOURTH WINDOW FROM THE RIGHT.
WARS

I'M NOT GOING UP THERE! I DON'T WANT MY HEAD BLOWN OFF LIKE 397!
160
COME ON, 160 WE'LL RUN OVER TO THE BUILDING AND SLITHER UNDERNEATH, WHERE NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER! WE'LL BE ABLE TO CLIMB UP FROM THE REAR AND CHASE HIM! OF COURSE, YOU'LL GO FIRST..
45
FRANKLY, YOU HAVE NO CHOICE! IF YOU DON'T COME WITH ME, I'LL SHOOT YOU! EITHER WAY YOU LOOK AT IT, YOU'RE SUNK!
160
ANYONE EVER TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE A REAL SON-OFABITCH, SERGEANT?
160
LET'S GO! NOW! RUN!
160
WARE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HE DIDN'T MAKE IT!
I CAN'T HIDE HERE! I'M A PRIME TARGET!
HAVE TO ADMIT, THESE BASTARDS KNOW HOW TO SHOOT! THESE GUYS ARE REAL SOLDIERS, NOT LIKE THE PUSSIES I HAVE IN MY BATTALION!
WAR?

HMM, NOT ALL THE ENEMY IS SO PROFESSIONAL
45
.. THAT HAS TO BE THE DOOR?..
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
WAR

BLAM!
BL
SH!
WHAT THE FU--?

I AM PLEASED TO MEET YOU! I AM MK-3, AN ELECTRONIC SHOOTING COMPUTER.
...IF YOU HAVE MADE IT UP THIS FAR, YOU ARE RELATIVELY SUCCESSFUL IN THIS CONFRONTATION.
...AND I SAY "RELATIVELY" BECAUSE WHEN YOU ENTERED THIS ROOM YOU ACTIVATED NOT ONLY THIS RECORDING, BUT ALSO THE AUTOMATIC GUN.
GOOD-BYE, SOLDIER... ¿CLICK!?
NOOOO!
DARRITO BRUNO
WARTOR

Voyage of the Ayeguy—Josh Kirby

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Schanes and Schanes

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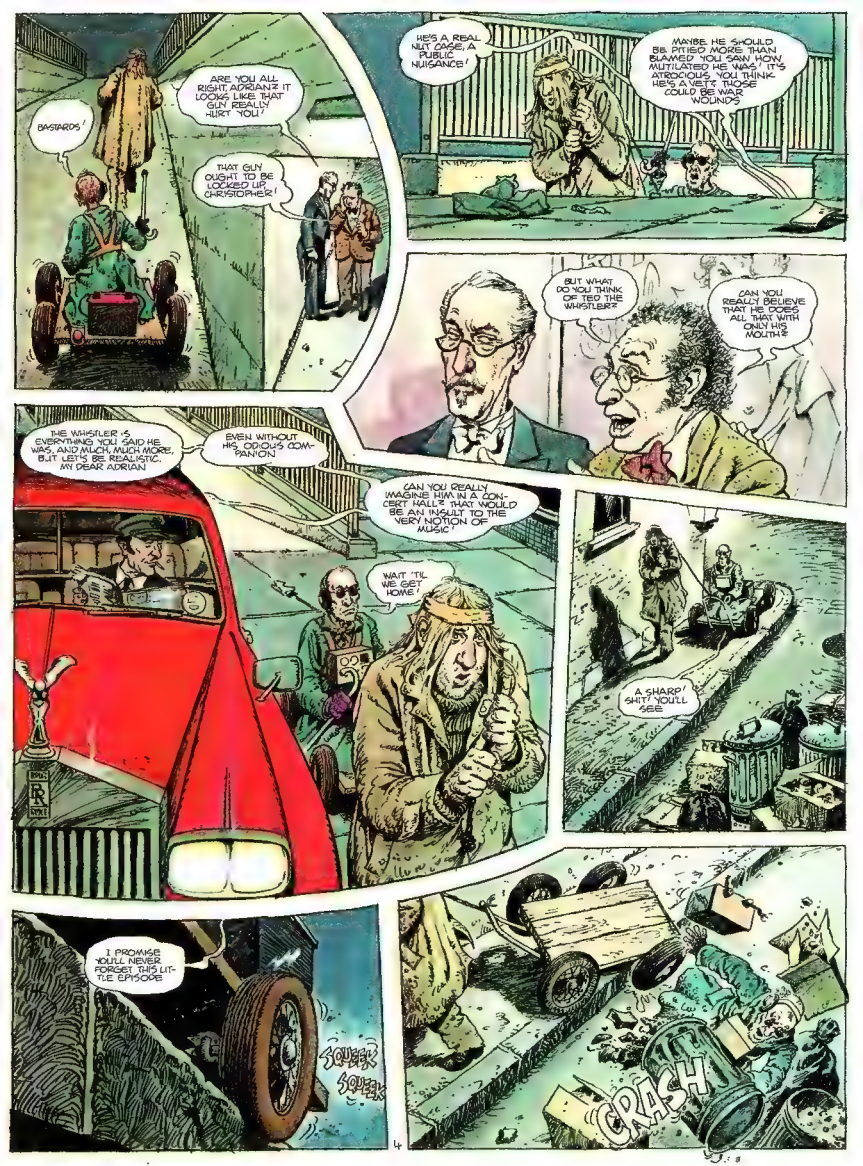
PLEASE ALLOW FOUR TO SIX WEEKS DELIVERY.

STORIES FROM LONDON
BUT I'M CONDUCTING A CONCERT AT THE FESTIVAL HALL AT SEVEN O'CLOCK!
THIS WILL ONLY TAKE US HALF AN HOUR, CHRISTOPHER. THIS GUY IS INCREDIBLE!
EMBANKMENT
WEST END
ASCOT
CITY
IT'S AMAZING, CHRISTOPHER! BRUCKNER'S NINTH SYMPHONY—ENTIRELY FROM MEMORY! AND HE SUCCEEDS IN DOING THE WHOLE SCORE WITH SUCH PRECISION, SUCH A FEELING OF SUBTLETY. HE ALSO HAS INTERPRETED THE SOLO FROM THE BACH SONATA IN C MINOR I WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED THAT SUCH AN EXECUTION COULD BE POSSIBLE ON ANYTHING OTHER THAN A VIOLIN...
YES, ADRIAN, OF COURSE—BUT
ALL OF THIS SEEMS SO VERY STRANGE. THERE IS UNDOUBTEDLY SOME SLEIGHT OF HAND YOU'VE MISSED.
FREDERICK DELIUS
BUT CHRISTOPHER, HIS INTERPRETATION REVEALS A REAL UNDERSTANDING OF THE MUSICAL WORKS, AND HIS TECHNIQUE IS ABSOLUTELY PERFECT. I'M READY TO STAKE MY REPUTATION ON IT
THAT'S WHY I AGREED TO ACCOMPANY YOU HERE, ADRIAN. I AM TRULY ANXIOUS TO SEE IF YOU ARE AN EASY CRITIC TO SATISFY IN THE PAST YOU HAVE BEEN THE MOST NITPICKING CRITIC I KNOW
BUT I HAVE THE GREATEST CONFIDENCE IN YOUR JUDGEMENT. AND
PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY
CHRISTOPHER! HE JUST BEGAN THE BRAHMS VIOLIN CONCERTO. WE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME! WHAT LUCK!
ACTUALLY, I WISH YOU COULD HEAR HIM DO A PIECE WRITTEN FOR MORE INSTRUMENTS... BY MAHLER, FOR INSTANCE... BUT I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'LL BE DISAPPOINTED
DARN!
WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED

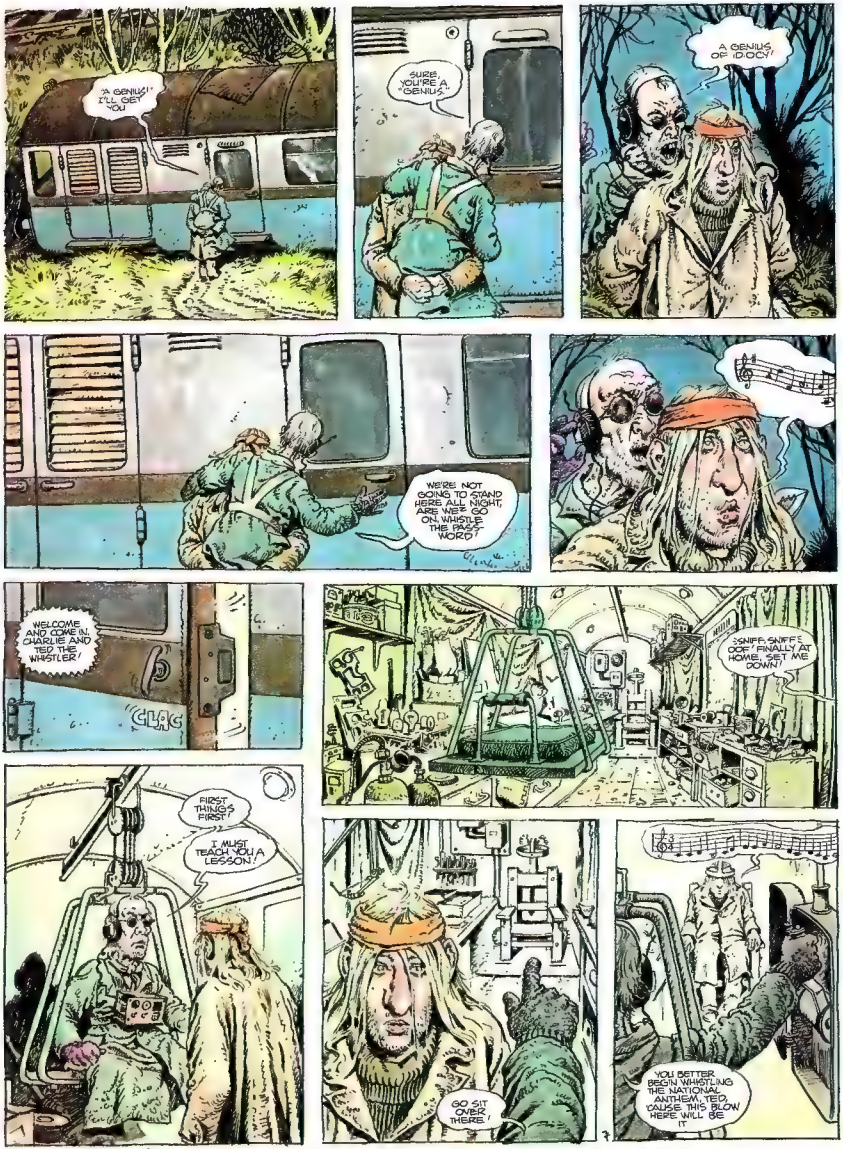
BLESS YOU, MADAME!
cling cling
HE'S MARVELOUS, ADRIAN. SIMPLY MARVELOUS.
GOD BE WITH YOU, SIR!
OLD SCHNOOK
SBC
THANK YOU, AN GOOD WOMAN!
OOO
THE JOACHIM CADENCE!
YES, I DID RECOGNIZE IT
STOP! STOP!
I TOLD YOU TO STOP, YOU FOOL!
IT'S A FLAT, NOT A SHARP FOR GOD'S SAKE

HEY, HEY CALM DOWN! DON'T GET SO UPSET! YOU'RE MAKING A MOUNTAIN OUT OF A MOLEHILL!
ANYWAY, YOUR FRIEND HERE IS REALLY DOING VERY WELL.
I AM ADRIAN JONES, MUSIC CRITIC AND BROADCASTER FOR THE CHATTERER. THIS IS SIR CHRISTOPHER HARMON, THE FAMOUS CONDUCTOR
YEAH? WELL, WHO ARE YOU?
NO! COME ON! NO KIDDING!
WELL, LISTEN, MAN. IF I SAY IT'S AN A FLAT, IT'S AN A FLAT, GOT IT?
AND THIS BASTARD IS GOING TO WHISTLE ON A FLAT OR I'LL
GRAC
SIR! I BEG YOU TO TAKE INTO CONSIDERATION THAT THIS "BASTARD" AS YOU JUST CALLED HIM, IS A VERITABLE GENIUS!
YEAH? DO YA HEAR THAT, TED? THIS MAN, HMM, NICE JACKET, BY THE WAY, HAS JUST CALLED YOU A GENIUS. MAYBE I DO PREVENT YOU FROM LIVING YOUR OWN LIFE, HUH? WHY, YOU MIGHT EVEN BECOME THE MOST FAMOUS WHISTLER TO EVER COME OUT OF THE SUBWAYS!
WHY, YOU'RE ONLY A VILE PROFITEER/ AN UNGRATEFUL PARASITE! WITHOUT THE INCREDIBLE TALENT OF THIS POOR MAN..
YOU'RE NOTHING OWW!
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU PANSY!!


BASTARDS!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ADRIAN? IT LOOKS LIKE THAT GUY REALLY HURT YOU!
THAT GUY OUGHT TO BE LOCKED UP, CHRISTOPHER!
HE'S A REAL NUT CASE, A PUBLIC NUISANCE!
MAYBE HE SHOULD BE PITIED MORE THAN BLAMED. YOU SAW HOW MUTILATED HE WAS! IT'S ATROCIOUS, YOU THINK. HE'S A VET'S FACE COULD BE WAR WOUNDS
BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK OF TED THE WHISTLER?
CAN YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT HE DOES ALL THAT WITH ONLY HIS MOUTH?
THE WHISTLER'S EVERYTHING YOU SAID HE WAS, AND MUCH, MUCH MORE, BUT LET'S BE REALISTIC, MY DEAR ADRIAN.
EVEN WITHOUT HIS ODIOUS COMPANION
CAN YOU REALLY IMAGINE HIM IN A CONCERT HALL? THAT WOULD BE AN INSULT TO THE VERY NOTION OF MUSIC!
WAIT 'TIL WE GET HOME!
A SHARP SHIT YOU'LL SEE!
I PROMISE YOU'LL NEVER FORGET THIS LITTLE EPISODE
SQUEEK SQUEEK
CRASH

PAH! UGGH!
GET OUT HOGS
ADELPHI THEATRE
THE HORRIBLE LADY CAT
RONALD GRAHN MAGGIE RIDDLE
BLOGS OF
SPLOOZ
MANDY FUNGO
HEY, BASTARD! IDIOT! ROCK! COME HERE, OR I'LL MAKE YOU PAY!
GRRR!
THE CANE, IDIOT!
SUDLEY STREET
CLOSED
HAH, IDIOT!
CLOSED
HELLO, HELLO, 1,2,3,4,5 SHIT! I HEAR ONLY STATIC! THE MACHINE IS BROKEN
MOTHER OF GOD! NOT ONLY BLIND BUT NOW DEAF AS WELL! ONLY THAT WAS MISSING!
I'M NOT GOING TO GET MAD HERE, BUT JUST WAIT 'TIL WE GET HOME.
5

SCEEEEECK
CRUNCH
HOLY SHIT!
TED, YOU ASSHOLE! YOU DESERVE WHAT I HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU!
TAKE HEED OF WHAT I SAY, SCOUNDREL! THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL EVER MAKE A MISTAKE!
A GENIUS!


"A GENIUS!" I'LL SET YOU
SURE, YOU'RE A "GENIUS."
A GENIUS OF "D'OCY"!
WE'RE NOT GOING TO STAND HERE ALL NIGHT, ARE WE? GO ON, WHISTLE THE PASS-WORD!
WELCOME AND COME IN, CHARLIE AND TED THE WHISTLER!
GLAG
;SNIFF, SNIFF'S OOF! FINALLY AT HOME. SET ME DOWN!!
FIRST THINGS FIRST!
I MUST TEACH YOU A LESSON!
GO SIT OVER THERE.
YOU BETTER BEGIN WHISTLING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, TED, 'CAUSE THIS BLOW HERE WILL BE IT

GOOD EVENING!
ZAP!
WELL DONE!
JESUS, THAT WAS STUPID I LET MY ANGER GET THE BEST OF ME
YOU'RE ONLY A STUPID MACHINE!
I'LL MAKE A BETTER ONE NEXT TIME!
SILICON CHIPS
WHAT BOTHERS ME S THAT IT'S NOT MPORTANT HOW WE MAKE THEM
BUT THE MACHINES ALWAYS LET YOU DOWN IN THE END
CLICK THE MACHINES ALWAYS LET YOU CLICK
ALWAYS LET YOU CLICK
ALWAYS LET YOU CLICK DOWN
IN THE END CLICK!

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: *The* Collector's Edition, with the debut of Moebius's "Arzach," Corben's "Den," Bode's "Sunpot," and more ($5 00)

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts, ' Roger the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival and more ($4 00)

#3/JUNE 1977: Macedo's 'Rockblitz,' the highly praised 'Shells ' the beginning of Davis's ' World Apart,' Moebius, Corben, Bode, more ($3 00)

#4/JULY 1977: Lots of Moebius 'Arzach,' plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow", also the final installment of "Sunpot ($3 00)

#5/AUGUST 1977: The saga of "Polonius begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart ' and "Den" continue ($3 00)

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977 Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius, a space opera plus more 'World Apart, ' Den ' and "Polonius ($3 00)

#7/OCTOBER 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon Moebius s 'Airtight Garage,' ' Den ' and "Polonius ' back again yet more ($3 00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart ($3 00)

#9/DECEMBER 1977: Extra pages for the complete ' Vuzz ' by Druillet, 'Fortune's Fool ' by Chaykin and Wein plus full-color contributions from Corben Macedo Claveloux, and Moebius ($3 00)

#10/JANUARY 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny Lob and Richard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes "Den' continues ($3 00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of 'Barbarella,' wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius Corben, et al ($3 00)

#12/MARCH 1978: Swashbuckling "Orion" makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow, and there's more 'Barbarella, more "Urm," and yet more ' Den " ($3 00)

#13/APRIL 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from "Paradise 9 " and Barbarella gives birth while ' Den wraps it up ($3 00)

#14/MAY 1978: Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion ' and "Barbarella" continue and Alex Nino tips his hat ($3 00)

#15/JUNE 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated more 'Barbarella," and the origins of 'Heiman " ($3 00)

#16/JULY 1978: A happy ending for 'Barbarella, ' a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail,' and yet more "Heiman, "Orion " "More Than Human, and Corben's 'Arabian Nights " ($3 00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: Sorry — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978. Corben s 'Sindbad," Moebius s Major "Heilman," "Orion," " Lone Sloane on Gail and Harlan Ellison too ($3 00)

#19/OCTOBER 1978: 'Exterminator 17 ' Ellison s illustrated 'Glass Goblin " the debut of McKie s 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous,' plus the usual ($3 00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/ Chaykin 'Empire " more 'Sindbad " "Exterminator Major Grubert 'Heilman" s final rebirth more ($3 00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978. The stocking s full with Orion ' Kirchner's 'Tarot " and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3 00)

#22/JANUARY 1979: Trina makes her debut here, and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben How much can you take? ($3 00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: 'Galactic Geographic " 'Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad,' McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous " plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo ($3 00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's 'The Stars My Destination ' 'Starcrown" II and Ellison s late show ($3 00)

#25/APRIL 1979: Our second birthday bash, with Chaykin and Wein's "Gideon Faust,' the 'Alien" portfolio and Val Mayerik's 'Time Out " And much more ($3 00)

#26/MAY 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet s "Dancin' " and a Proust joke) fifteen entries including Corben Morrow the illustrated 'Alien ($3 00)

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future plus more illustrated 'Alien," and the final episode of 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous " ($3 00)

#28/JULY 1979: Bode's ' Zooks" premieres Corben s ' Sindbad" concludes Morrow and Moebius continue Mike Hinge debuts ($3 00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with 'New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, 'Galactic Geographic Bode, more ($3 00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979 'Elric " "Buck Rogers, a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3 ' alongside Montellier and Moebius ($3 00)

#31/OCTOBER 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H P Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia Druillet, Suydam, others ($3 00)

#32/NOVEMBER 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben s 'Rowlf,' Bode s 'Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin s "The Stars My Destination, Moebius and more ($3 00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979 A Christmas package from Caza Corben Kirkeed Suydam Stiles Trina Moebius and Ellison plus Gnomes ' and Giants ($3 00)

#34/JANUARY 1980: A new year — *a new decade* — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists new artists Nea McPheeters and Dan Steffan the conclusion of Corben s 'Rowlf and much more! ($3 00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue Corben's 'The Beast of Wolfton begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip ($3 00)

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did 'The Crevasse take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros strip! Plus Corben Matena Moebius and Lee Marrs s Good Vibrations " ($3 00)

#37/APRIL 1980: Our third anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color the final installment of Moebius's 'Airtight Garage,' plus Caza, Bilal Howarth Corben Bode — and more! ($3 00)

#38/MAY 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will ' Champakou ' reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn too? Take a look We'll never tell ($3 00)

#39/JUNE 1980: Champakou' meets his fate, while 'Captain Sternn" saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs the Earth! ($3 00)

#40/JULY 1980: The Alchemist Supreme continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky Bila s Progress! ' begins and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave ($3 00)

#41/AUGUST 1980: Druillet returns with the first installment of 'Salammbo while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed) Bilal continues 'Progress' ($3 00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam Ernie Colon Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts while ' Rock Opera' gets stranger yet ($3 00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980. Our Special Rock Issue packed with goodies by McKie Moebius, Voss Spain Druillet Yeates He, Howarth Kierkegaard Jr Colon and Matena and not to be missed! ($3 00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze this issue s cover by Hajime Sorayama, s definitely in its element Inside we give you some lovely Clave oux Moebius Kaluta Springett and Bilal ($3 00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Premiering Corben's illustrated ' Bloodstar,' Crepax's ' Valentina and Godard and Ribera's ' What Is Reality Papa?" Plus The Cutter of the Fog " 'Rock Opera ' and Moebius! ($3 00)

#46/JANUARY 1981: Jeronation returns with Woman Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with Bang, Hah Plus more Corben Godard and Ribera Mezieres and Rock Opera ' Moebius tells us There Is a Prince Charming or Phenixon! Don t miss it! ($3 00)

Art Larry Lanoff

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: William S Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense" while Rick Veitch shares with us his experiences at this year's Lucca fest "The Horny Goof, an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble, while 'Bloodstar,' "What Is Reality, Papa? 'Salammbo,' and 'Rock Opera' continue Plus' Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's new book *Yesterday's Lily*, and an interview with the man himself Ah Magic ($3 00)

#48/MARCH 1981: 'Tex Arcana," John Findley's epic Western begins 'What Is Reality, Papa?' and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue 'And Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* comes to an end Even with all of that going on, we still have room for Kierkegaard, Howarth, and Corben's 'Bloodstar" Plus Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America ($3 00)

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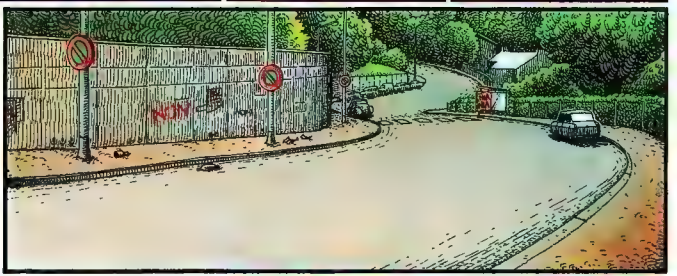
dangerous curve

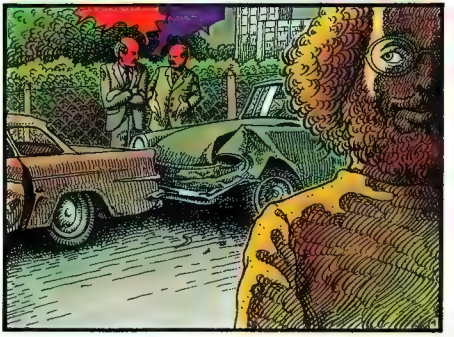
PHASE ONE. THE AUTHOR IS AWAKENED BY NOCTURNAL NOISES
I HAD HARDLY LIVED A MONTH AT THE LYNCHBERG APARTMENTS WHEN, ONE NIGHT, I WAS AWAKENED BY A SUCCESSION OF LOUD NOISES I.E., **BONG!**

SOON AFTERWARD, I FELL ASLEEP AGAIN, SNUG AS A BUG

I MUST EXPLAIN ABOUT THIS WICKED CURVE IT'S VERY BUMPY AND VERY NARROW AS IT DESCENDS, AND IT BECOMES EVEN WORSE AT THE END OF ITS COURSE SO, AT NIGHT, PEOPLE UNKNOWINGLY GO SPEEDING ALONG, ALL TOO QUICKLY. **RRRRRR.** THEY SKID THERE'S NO TRACTION, SO, A GOOD SLAM OF THE BRAKES, YA LOSE CONTROL, AND **BONG!** THERE IS ALWAYS A PARKED CAR TO INTERCEPT YOU. THIS IS WHAT I HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO!



ABOUT A MONTH LATER, I WAS AWAKENED AGAIN UNDER SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES, BUT THIS TIME A DOUBLE **BONG** SOUNDED THIS LED ME TO ASSUME THAT THE DRIVER HAD BOUNCED OFF OF ONE PARKED CAR ONLY TO COLLIDE WITH ANOTHER I SAT IN MY ROOM AND LAUGHED. WHAT COULD I DO? I REGRETTED NOT WITNESSING THE "SHOW." EVEN THOUGH THE CURVE IS PRACTICALLY AGAINST MY FRONT DOOR, A CLEAR VIEW IS BLOCKED BY A FEW TREES. IN ANY EVENT, THE NEXT MORNING, I VERIFIED THE ACCURACY OF MY DEDUCTIONS— TWO DENTED CARS! THE OWNERS WERE REALLY PISSED OFF!



AS SOON AS I HEARD THE **BONG!** I PULLED ON MY PANTS AND WENT OUT TO TAKE A LOOK. BUT IN THE TIME IT TOOK ME TO GO DOWNSTAIRS AND RUN TO THE ROAD, THE CAR HAD ALREADY SPLIT, LIKE SO MANY TIMES BEFORE

WHILE GOING BACK UP TO MY FLAT, I BEGAN TO PONDER. I WAS STILL FASCINATED BY THE FREQUENCY AND THE SIMILARITY OF THE ACCIDENTS BUT THE FORM OF THE CURVE EXPLAINED A LOT OF THINGS. I BECAME TOO TIRED TO THINK. SCREECHING METAL WAS NOT ABOUT TO PREVENT ME FROM SLEEPING!

PHASE TWO. THE AUTHOR, BEING PERSONALLY INVOLVED, HAD HIS CURIOSITY PIQUIED. THE FOLLOWING ACCIDENT, WHICH WAS ABOUT A MONTH OR SO LATER, HAD ME IN STITCHES. I NEARLY WET MY PANTS!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING I WAS FLABBERGASTED TO SEE THAT IT WAS MY LI'L COUPE THAT HAD TAKEN THE BEATING. GOOD GOD! ONE WHOLE SIDE BASHED IN! I WAS FURIOUS! PLEASE UNDERSTAND MY SITUATION! I DON'T LIKE ANY CARS WHATSOEVER. MY RELATIONSHIP WITH THEM IS BARELY POLITE. I GIVE MINE THE MINIMUM AMOUNT OF CARE, JUST SO IT HOLDS UP. I DON'T USE IT VERY OFTEN. I PREFER TO WALK, TO TAKE THE OVERNIGHT TRAIN OR EVEN A HORSE. SO, IF I WAS MAD, IT WAS BECAUSE I KNOW LOTS OF BETTER WAYS TO SPEND MY MONEY THAN AT THE MECHANIC'S.' SUFFICE IT TO SAY, IT HAD TO BE REPAIRED

NOW THAT I'M PERSONALLY INVOLVED IN THIS SAGA, I'VE BEGUN TO THINK SERIOUSLY ABOUT ALL OF THIS CRAZINESS AS SOON AS I GATHERED ALL OF THE FACTS TOGETHER, THE CONCLUSION WAS A CINCH

A MONTH BETWEEN ACCIDENTS
SAME TIME, SAME PLACE
SAME PUFFING FROM THE MOTOR
THE HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER NEVER STOPS

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! IT'S THE SAME DRIVER EVERY TIME! EACH MONTH THE SAME DRIVER COLLIDES WITH A PARKED CAR AT THE CORNER OF THE LINCHBERG APARTMENTS. WHOZ WAYZ. IT DOESN'T STAND TO REASON! IS HE AN ALCOHOLIC WHO GOES OUT AND TIPS A FEW EVERY MONTH ON PAYDAY? A MECHANIC CONJURING UP SOME MORE BUSINESS? OR JUST YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL MANIAC? AT ANY RATE, IT WAS SOME UNUSUAL PERSON WHOM I DESPERATELY WANTED TO SEE CLOSE UP, PARTIALLY 'CAUSE I'M ANGRY, BUT MOSTLY OUT OF CURIOSITY. AND, MAYBE ALSO FOR THE LITTLE FEELING OF COMPLICITY

PHASE 3. THE AUTHOR, NO LONGER YIELDING TO HIS CONTEMPLATIVE NATURE, DECIDES TO TAKE ACTION! I FINALIZED MY PLANS. THE TWENTY-SIXTH DAY AFTER MY COUPE WAS WASTED, I STRATEGICALLY HID BEHIND MY STEERING WHEEL AT THE TOP OF THE CURVE. OFF A BIT, MIND YOU. SO I WOULDN'T GET IN THE WAY, AND I WAITED FOR HIM

Hot
TIK PLAS!
BRRRRRRRRR
BRRRRRRRRR
BRRRRRRRRR

THE NEXT NIGHT, THOUGH EXHAUSTED, I FELT READY TO TAKE MY POST AGAIN. WITH MY PROVISIONS BY MY SIDE I SAT AND WAITED AGAIN.
ZZZZZZZ
BONG!
IT'S HIM!
RZZ
IT WAS THE BONG! THAT WOKE ME UP! THE DRIVER STRUCK AND DROVE OFF IN THE TIME IT TOOK FOR ME TO SHAKE MYSELF AWAKE. BY THE TIME I STARTED UP MY COLD MOTOR, HE HAD DISAPPEARED INTO THE DISTANCE!
BANZA
BRRR
TWENTY YARDS FARTHER ON, I COULD SEE HIS HEADLIGHTS. I TRIED TO CATCH UP WITH HIM, BUT LOST HIM AT AN INTERSECTION AT HOLLYWOOD AND VINE. I COULDN'T SEE HIS LIGHTS ANYMORE. WHAT TURN SHOULD I TAKE? I LET IT DROP, FIGURING I COULD PUT IT OFF UNTIL THE FOLLOWING MONTH. I NOTED THE HOUR AND THE DATE. ONE INTERESTING POINT WAS THAT THE MOON WAS FULL. INDEED, EVERYONE KNOWS THAT A FULL MOON HAS A DANGEROUS INFLUENCE ON CERTAIN PSYCHOPATHS. ASSUMING THAT THIS MANIAC WAS ONE OF THOSE, I HAD INCENTIVE ENOUGH TO TAKE UP WHERE I HAD LEFT OFF, EXACTLY TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS LATER WITH ALL OF THIS INFORMATION I COULDN'T HELP OUTSMARTING HIM.!
?

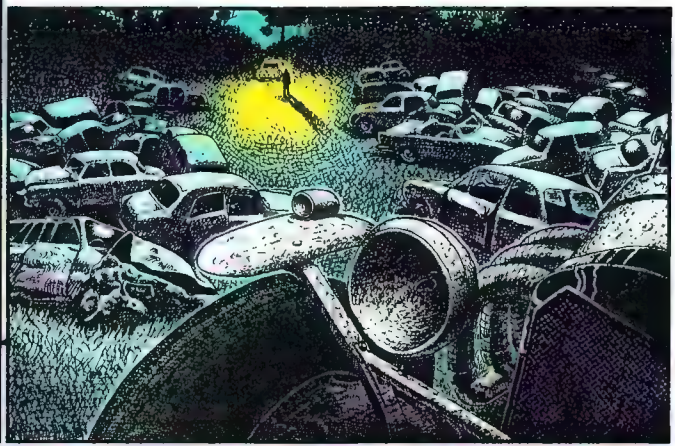
PHASE 4: THE AUTHOR ENVISIONS A REWARD FOR HIS PATIENCE! THUS, TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS LATER, I WAS PREPARED TO WAIT ON THAT NIGHT THERE WAS NO READING. I DON'T WANT TO RUN THE RISK OF RELAXING AT ALL. I LET THE MOTOR RUN CONTINUALLY WHILE I WAITED SO THAT I WOULD BE READY TO TAKE OFF AT THE FIRST SIGNAL.

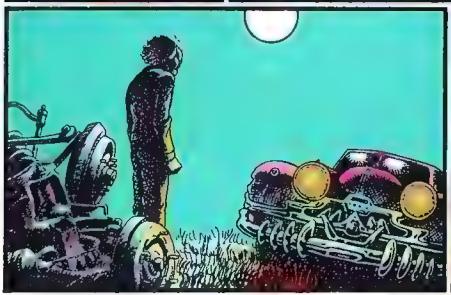
IT WORKED! RIGHT ON SCHEDULE! BOY, HE BLEW IT! THERE WAS NO CAR PARKED AT HIS NORMAL SPOT, SO HE STRUCK A BUS-STOP SHELTER.

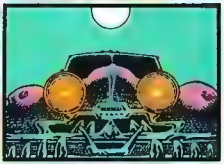
BUT DO YOU KNOW THAT HE SUCCEEDED IN GETTING HIMSELF LOOSE BY GOING BACKWARDS? AND HE WAS TWO INCHES FROM RUNNING OVER ME! I HAD JUST ENOUGH TIME TO LOOK INTO THE CAR, BUT THERE WAS NO ONE AT THE STEERING WHEEL! ABSOLUTELY NOBODY!

FOR A FEW MINUTES I STOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD LIKE AN IDIOT AND THEN I SPRINTED AND VROOMMM! I CHALLENGED HIM TO THE HUNT
VROOM
I FOUND HIM AGAIN VERY QUICKLY. HIS CAR WAS MOVING SLOWLY. THE MOTOR COUGHED. HIS TIRES WOBBLED. IT MUST HAVE GOTTEN MORE DAMAGED THAN USUAL. IT LEFT BEHIND IT PUDDLES THAT GLEAMED RED IN THE MOONLIGHT. SOMETHING HAD BEEN SLASHED UNDOUBTEDLY. I WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO CORNER HIM EASILY, BUT I HAD NO CONFIDENCE. I PREFERRED TO KEEP MY DISTANCE AND FOLLOW IT UP TO IT'S RESTING PLACE
SO I FOLLOWED IT. THROUGH THE COUNTRY, THE SLEEPING TOWNS, AND ONCE AGAIN, THE FOREST. A FOREST THAT I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE. TOO PREOCCUPIED BY MY SHADOWING, I HAD OVERLOOKED ALL THE SIGNPOSTS. THE CAR LEFT THE ROAD. I DIVE INTO A WOODED PATH. I FOLLOWED IT NATURALLY. THE PATH WAS FRAMED WITH ENORMOUS TREES WHICH HARDLY LET THE MOONBEAMS SHINE THROUGH. I WENT ALONG PAINFULLY, NOT KNOWING WHAT TO EXPECT NEXT. HOW LONG WOULD IT LAST? I DIDN'T KNOW ANYMORE. I HAD LOST ALL SENSE OF TIME.

SUDDENLY, AFTER CROSSING A SOMEWHAT TIGHT GROVE, I SAW A CLEARING, LIT BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON. THERE, HUNDREDS OF CARS, ALL DIFFERENT KINDS, AND ALL AGES, LAY HAPHAZARDLY, NO LONGER IN USE, A SPECTACLE OF DESOLATION! A SCRAP LOT, HERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF A FOREST? COULDN'T BE. NO ONE HAD PICKED UP THE PIECES. NO ONE HAD COMPRESSED THE WRECKS TO FORM AVANT-GARDE SCULPTURES. CERTAIN BODIES WERE VERY DENTED, THE CHASSIS MARKED WITH SCARS—AFTEREFFECTS OF WHAT OLD COMBATS? SOME WERE REDUCED TO A SKELETAL STATE, BUT THAT WAS THE WORK OF TIME ALONE. THE MISSING PIECES LAY THERE IN THE MILDEWED GRASS. A CEMETERY OF CARS, YES, BUT WHAT A WILD CEMETERY!. THE GREAT SECRET OSSUARY WHERE CRAZY CARS CAME TO HIDE THEIR AGONY! BUT HOW?



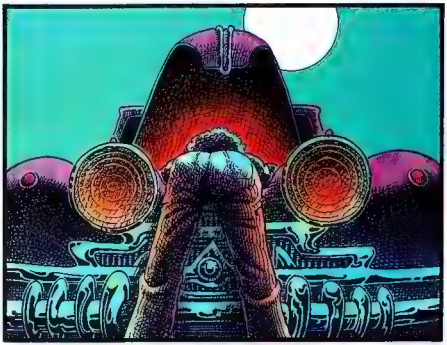




AND IT WAS THERE, MY CRAZY CAR. IT'S MOTOR WARM, ITS LIGHTS BLINKING SPORADICALLY. SOMETHING BROKEN WITHIN I WALKED UP TO IT SLOWLY. QUESTIONS TURNED IN MY HEAD. I PONDERED ON HOW AND WHY AN AUTOMOBILE, IN THE LIGHT OF A FULL MOON, COULD ACQUIRE INDEPENDENCE, PERHAPS EVEN CONSCIOUSNESS. WHERE DID ITS RAGE STEM FROM? (THE WORD "AUTOCRAT" CAME TO MIND, BUT NO, THAT'S SILLY!) I WANTED TO QUESTION IT, BUT WOULD IT HAVE ANSWERED ME? I HAVE YET TO SEE A CAR TALK, EVEN WHILE IT'S IN AGONY

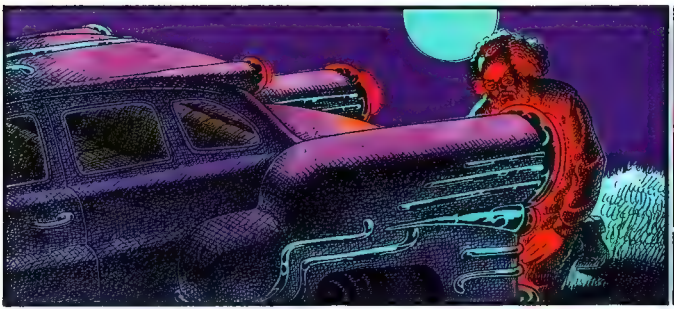
BECAUSE SHE WAS IN PAIN, I DROPPED THE SUBJECT AND TRIED TO HELP HER. I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT MECHANICS, BUT I TOOK MY TOOL KIT AND DOVE INTO HER HOT IRON BODY. I UNTWISTED THINGS HERE AND THERE AND TRIED TO STRAIGHTEN OUT A WIPER. BUT WHAT WORRIED ME THE MOST WAS THE RED LIQUID LEAKING ONTO THE DEWY GRASS. HER LIFE WAS ESCAPING... I PLUGGED THE LEAKS AS BEST I COULD WITH CHEWING GUM. AS A FINISHING TOUCH, I TRIED TO AWAKEN THE CAR WITH A LITTLE LEFTOVER COFFEE, BUT SHE DIDN'T REACT.

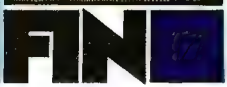
SHE FELL INTO A DEEP MECHANICAL SLEEP AGAIN, FOR A MONTH... OR FOREVER. IT WAS ALREADY DAWN. SLOWLY AND SOMEWHAT SADLY I WENT HOME.



EVERY NIGHT, WITH A FULL MOON FOR MONTHS TO FOLLOW, I WENT BACK TO SEE HER. I WARMED HER WITH A FIRE OF BRANCHES, AND FOR HOURS, WE DREAMED UNDER THE MOON. SHE WASN'T DEAD, BUT SHE COULD NO LONGER MOVE. A LOUD RUMBLING SOUNDED FROM HER CHASSIS, RAISING ITS WHEELS UP FROM THE SOIL.

PHASE 5. THE AUTHOR, FACED WITH HIS RESPONSIBILITIES, DISPLAYS HIS FAMILY SPIRIT! NOW NINE MONTHS HAVE GONE BY SINCE THE NIGHT OF OUR MEETING. THAT NIGHT, OUR SON WAS BORN. I HELPED HER BRING HIM OUT FROM THE EXHAUST PIPE AND I CARED FOR HIM AS BEST I COULD. HE LOOKS MORE LIKE HIS MOTHER, WITH JUST A BIT OF ME AROUND THE DIMMERS! SHE, SHE COULDN'T RESIST THE BIRTH, BUT THEN SHE DIED. HER BATTERIES WERE COMPLETELY GONE. NOW SHE CAN SLEEP PEACEFULLY. THE LITTLE ONE WILL GROW QUICKLY. SOON HE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE HER PLACE ON THE ROADS DURING A FULL MOON. AND ME? WELL, I'LL GO WITH HIM, OF COURSE.

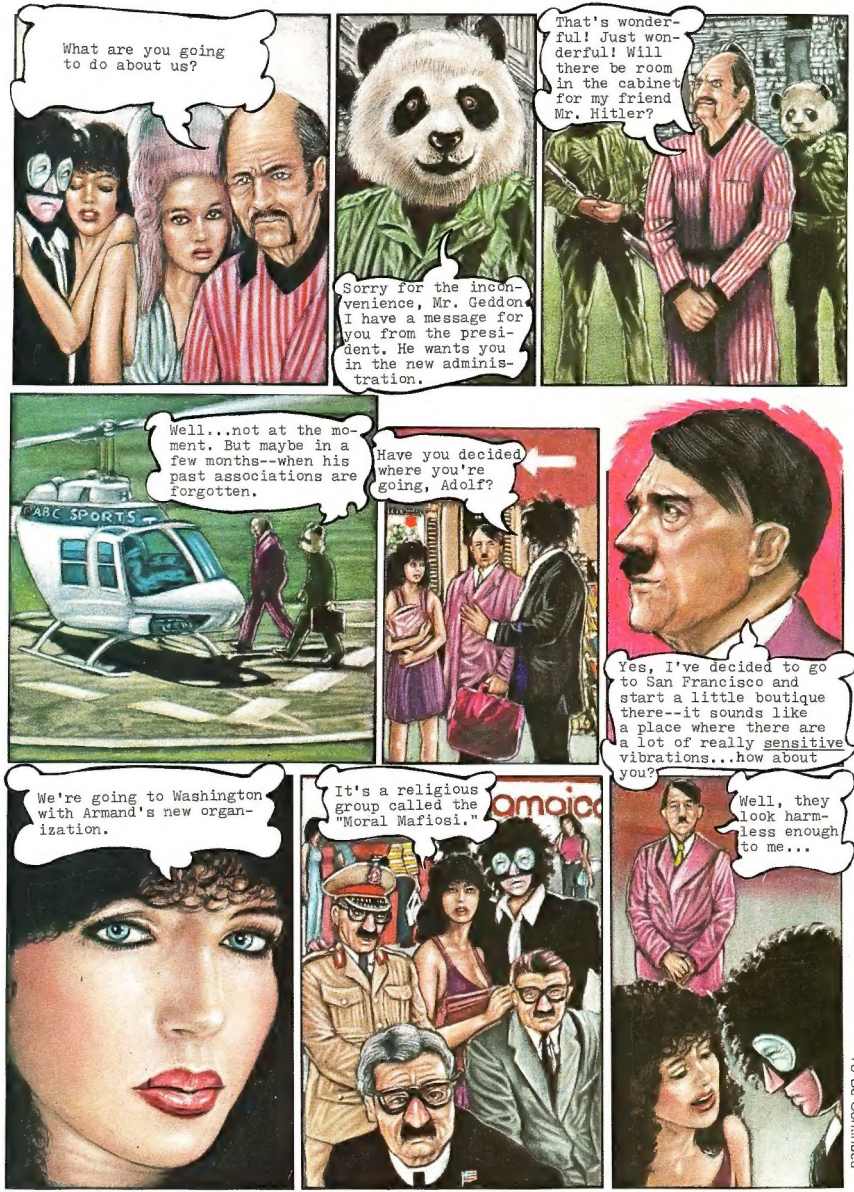




R G' PERA
©1981, BOB KIERKEGAARD, JR.
The bucolic tranquility of the morning was shattered by gunfire, as Marxist Panda and Fascist Mouse waged war--
Why are all those people dead, Mommy?
They're just reenacting Frontier Land, honey.
Yes, it's wonderful what they can do with special effects now.
But they've got blood all over them!
Look--there are some of your favorite characters. Why don't you run over and get them to autograph your doll?
BLAM!
Mommy! Mommy!
I gave him my Dumbo doll to autograph--and he shot its nose off!
What's the matter, honey?

Inside the Enchanted Castle, Armand packed his bags as his empire crumbled.
This is just terrible! Are they still shooting?
No, they've stopped. Now they're pilfering the corpses.
Does our beloved Führer have any suggestions?
Yes, I think we should form a medic team and succor the wounded. We could all wear sort of flowing blouson-style costumes and tear bandages out of our petticoats...
I think that's a fantastic idea.
Speaking as a doctor--my advice is to forget about the wounded and get the hell out of here!
As we snuck off across the battlements, Adolf fainted from fright.
Great! What are we going to do now?

Why don't you two carry him--while Armand and I go ahead and scout?
You mean while you and Armand abandon us--you scum!
Slut!
Hey!
Was I unconscious long? How does my hair look?
Hold it--this is the FBI, we've got you surrounded!
What do you mean--"the FBI"?
That's right, creep--FBI. We started the Black Pandas to force extremists like you out into the open.
Well, I was sent here to infiltrate the group from the Salt Lake office. Here's my badge.
Me, too.
Let's arrest him--he's CIA.
That's a damn lie!


What are you going to do about us?
Sorry for the inconvenience, Mr. Geddon. I have a message for you from the president. He wants you in the new administration.
That's wonderful! Just wonderful! Will there be room in the cabinet for my friend Mr. Hitler?
Well...not at the moment. But maybe in a few months--when his past associations are forgotten.
ABC SPORTS
Have you decided where you're going, Adolf?
Yes, I've decided to go to San Francisco and start a little boutique there--it sounds like a place where there are a lot of really sensitive vibrations...how about you?
We're going to Washington with Armand's new organization.
It's a religious group called the "Moral Mafiosi."
Well, they look harmless enough to me...
To Be Continued

CHAIN MAIL

Eds:

In "The Alchemist Supreme," the woman that Axle is looking for does exist, but she is now only a girl. Axle's dream woman is Musky. He doesn't know this, but Musky does, and in six or seven years Axle will too.

Is this the way it is, or am I imagining it? Either way, I'm glad to see these two in a new story.

James Villages
Oakland, Calif.

J.:

We tend to agree with you—especially since the actress who portrayed Chimeer turned out to be a real bitch! Maybe your matchmaking days have just begun. We'll have to wait 'til the next series, though, to find out!

—The Eds.

Dear Heavy Metalizers:

February issue was terrific. Was absolutely delighted to see Jones's work showcased so beautifully. Kimball innerview was dynamite. Glad you finally tapped into that energy source! I've been a fan of his for years. Jones and Kimball made the issue—keep 'em coming!

B. Savage
Cambridge, Mass.

B.:

We intend to! Keep in touch. By the way—you misplace all those li'l its *and* thes *somewhere?*

—The Eds.

Eds:

The explanation of "Bang, Hah" was missing from my copy of *Heavy Metal.* Could you tell me what it was all about?

S. Begoun
Lincolnwood, Ill.

S.:

In a nutshell . . . it would have been different, if only the turtles hadn't changed!

—The Eds.

Dear Sirs:

I am writing you to express my ardent disappointment over the lapse of time since you last put into print a work of art by that bodacious illustrator of love, hate, and death Arthur Suydam! You probably are unaware that you are entertaining an audience of adults who can get as excited over a piece of fantasy artwork as do the kids at comic conventions! I do hope the poor fellow hasn't died! Pending his resurrection, I shall eagerly await his next, overdue appearance!

Rene de Joie
NYC, N.Y.

Rene:

You're not the only one who has asked about Meester Suydam. He is very much alive and well and working on a new series for HM *featuring his infamous mud wogs from the* HM *T-shirt ad (see page 6 for further i.d.). Stay tuned, for he'll be back in the May issue with the furthering adventures of our not too modest pals!*

—The Eds.

Eds:

Did you drop "Changes" or what? Damn! Hope not!

Al Lynchmons
New York, N.Y.

Al:

Nope. "Changes" was put aside for just a bit, but we picked it up again in our March issue. Speaking of which, boy, did we screw up! Seems we left a credit off of the last episode. Our apologies go out to Tony Sciarra and D. M. Kister, who illustrated the strip with Matt. Think they did the bit with the decapitated dogs and such. Sorry, fellas! No hard feelings?

—The Eds.

Eds:

After a promising beginning, I had about given up all hope for you—in an editorial you actually admitted bowdlerizing the artwork to suit the wishes of someone's mother. Adult magazine—ha!

However, the February issue holds promise; you allowed pictures of male sex organs and coupling. I am not expecting you to become simply a porno magazine, but sex is a very important part of fantasy and art. Please continue, and for heaven's sake don't chicken out when someone's momma writes you. This will happen, as this type of letter writer is more numerous and persistent than the rest of us, who are deprived when everyone gutlessly gives in to them.

R. B. Anderson, M.D.
Riverside, Calif.

Doc:

What? Whose mother are you talking about? We must have been in a group coma when that letter came in, 'cause frankly, we don't have a clue to what you're talking about! If you are referring to a comment made by Sean Kelly in an editorial some two and a half years ago, he was just foolin'. Honest. As for "bowdlerizing" HM *—we wouldn't think of it. Not even for our mothers.*

—The Eds.

COMING NEXT MONTH

Ode to a mud wog . . . Arthur Suydam begins his series on those gonad-clad fellas. Their antics will only just begin in the next issue. Meet Lurlei, the sweet young thing that befriends the mud-wog creatures.

Ladies and gentlemen, presenting, once again, Meester Cody Starbuck. Howard Chaykin's superhero not only adorns the front cover, but we also begin his new series.

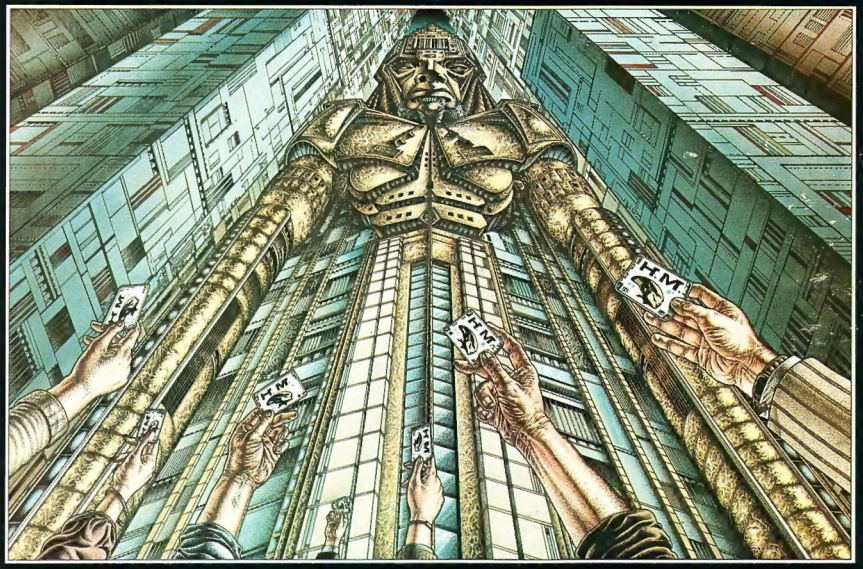
Juan Giménez speaks! In a candid interview with Bhob Stewart, Giménez discusses his work on the new *Heavy Metal* movie and his life in Argentina. Plus a new strip by this multitalented artist.

Joel Hagen and Dzintars Mezulis—two sculptors with an ability to make the fantastic seem real. Next issue you will meet these two men, get a feel for their work, and see how strange you really have to be to do this kinda stuff!

Plus the continuations of Richard Corben's **Bloodstar**, Kierkegaard's **Rock Opera**, and Findley's spooky **Tex Arcana**! Until then . . .

If you subscribe to *Heavy Metal* today, you'll never have to hear tomorrow . . .

Sorry. All out of Heavy Metal!



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What?
You ain't never heard of
Tex Arcana? Or sweet Sadie
or the beautiful haunted
Hallie? Well, take a
look inside!
Plus Caza,
Kierkegaard, Corben,
and a chat with
Ribera!